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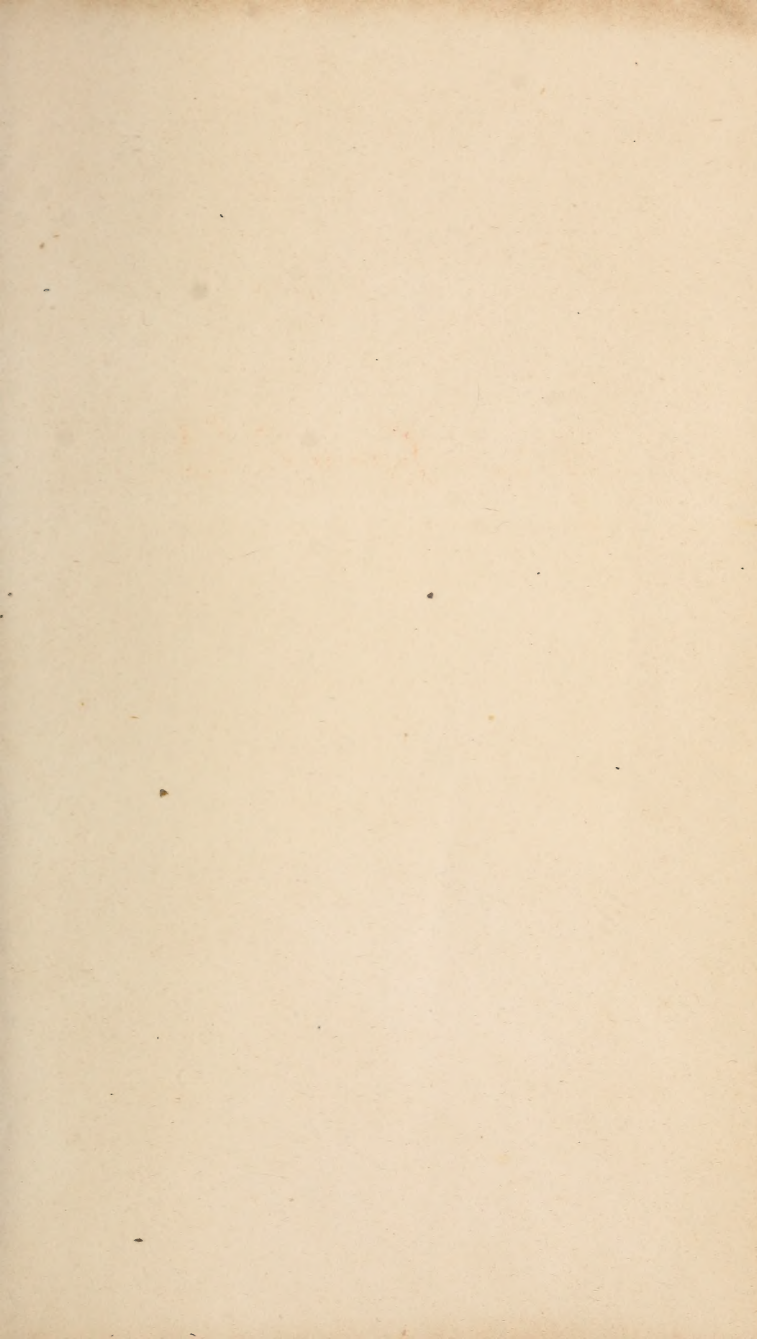
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A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS

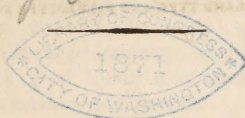
FOR

THE SANCTUARY.

"Sing us one of the songs of Zion." PSALM cxxxvii. 3.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."
I CORINTHIANS xiv. 15.

17 By Geo. E. Ellis.



BOSTON:

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

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GEORGE A. CURTIS;
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PREFACE.

THIS collection of devotional poems was made in compliance with the request of the Society to which the Compiler ministers,—the one in use among them being out of print. The very number of the collections now found in our churches suggested, if it did not justify, the compilation of still another; for a choice among them is difficult, and the facilities of the press for performing its work anew present themselves, perhaps too readily. This collection, of course, will show all the imperfections which belong to every work of the kind, as exhibiting the peculiar taste, judgment, preferences, and prejudices of an individual compiler. It may besides have other defects not chargeable upon our common deficiencies.

The object of the Compiler has been to bring together the best Sacred Lyrics in our language, as well those the sentiments of which convey instruction conformed to the Scriptures, as those of a simply devotional strain. The Scriptures are the inspiring source of the sentiments, and the rich treasury of much of the language of the best lyrics; and therefore it seems right and good to affix sacred texts to the poems, whenever the sentiment or language is close enough to admit the connection. A good hymn may often do very much to aid and impress a sermon or a prayer.

All sacred poems are the common property of all Christians. Whatever epithet, attached to the simple name of Christian, may have expressed the peculiar religious views of the writers, all that they have written or sung belongs to the church universal. We have equal liberty to employ their melodies when they harmonize with our ears, our minds, and our souls,

that we have to imitate their virtues, and to follow their examples wherein they followed the Master. If this be true, then we may bring together the hymns of writers of different religious communions, from the ancient leaves of the Roman Breviary to the all but rhapsodical strains of the field preacher. The Compiler has not been careful in all cases to assure himself that each poem is copied with exactness from the author whose name is attached to it. Many of the hymns most in use have been repeatedly altered, restored, and reëtered; the alteration being sometimes to their great improvement in language or sentiment. Any such alteration seems to be allowable, with this single restriction—other restrictions of justice and propriety being of course implied—that no stanza, line, or word of a hymn, be so changed as to attribute to the writer whose name is attached to it, a sentiment or doctrine conflicting with the belief or opinions he himself expresses. Dr. Watts, who, by general consent, is the richest of all our lyrical poets, has written hymns and parts of hymns which would scarcely be accepted now in any church in Christendom. An occasional alteration of the sentiment even, in some of his pieces, seems to be more allowable than in the case of other writers, because it is on record that his religious opinions having undergone a change in a late period of his life, he himself wished to alter essentially some of his hymns, to which, however, the owner of the copyright would not assent.

This collection being designed to contain only such hymns as could be used appropriately in the public services of the sanctuary, some favorite pieces will be missed, as not coming under this condition. A few well known hymns, of a character of which a specimen is found in that beginning,

“The hour of my departure’s come,”

are excluded, because, though beautiful for the household or sick chamber, they could not be used in public worship. Children’s hymns are for a like reason excluded. Some others are left out because the sentiments they express cannot be *truly* attributed, as they are attributed, to *all* the members of

a promiscuous congregation. Of this class of hymns is one in most of the books beginning,

“God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant song;
*Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.*”

A few other familiar hymns have been excluded, because of their strange confounding of Christian with heathen sentiments and feelings, as in the hymn, beginning,

“I would not live alway, I ask not to stay.”

It is no part of Christian faith or feeling to condemn the scenes of man's earthly trial and happiness, nor shall we be likely to quench our excessive love for the world, by heaping upon it reproachful epithets.

A Hymn-Book, well used and improved, stands next to the Bible among the means for religious education. The sacred lines, associated with the youngest thoughts of religion, help to guide and direct mature years: they rise to remembrance in the solitary walk, or amid the occupations of duty: they come as memorials of the dead and the unseen, either to comfort or to warn: they cheer the loneliness of travel afar from home: they tremble often on the lips of the dying as the last effort of parting life to connect earth with heaven. Much of the contents of this volume has already long been blessed of God, through Christ, for such a holy and enduring ministry. May this volume be acceptable at least to the Society for which it was compiled, and whenever it is necessary may the treasures which it contains be united with others in a better form.

GEORGE E. ELLIS.

Charlestown, April, 1845.

A*

PREFACE TO SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

THE following selections from the Book of Psalms embrace either the whole or portions of such among them as are adapted for use in Christian worship. They are designed for chanting by the choir, or for responses, or for a union of reading and singing. The last is the purpose which is had in view in the religious society where they are first introduced. Where they are employed for this purpose, the minister and people together will read the verses bearing odd numbers, (1, 3, 5, 7, &c.) and the choir will chant the intervening verses.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM I.

- 1 BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the
counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the
way of sinners, nor sitteth in the | seat · of
the | scornful.
- 2 But his delight is in the law of the LORD;
and in his law doth he | medi- · -tate | day ·
and | night.
- 3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the
rivers of water, that bringeth forth his |
fruit · in his | season ;
- 4 His leaf also shall not wither ; and whatso- |
-ever · he | doeth · shall | prosper.
- 5 The ungodly are not so : but are like the
chaff which the wind | driveth · a- | -way.
- 6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the
judgment, nor sinners in the congre- | -ga- ·
tion | of · the | righteous.
- 7 For the LORD knoweth the | way · of the |
righteous ;
- 8 But the | way · of th' un- | -godly · shall |
perish.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM IV.

- 1 HEAR me when I call, O | God · of my
| righteousness.
- 2 Thou hast enlarged me when I was in dis-
tress; have mercy up- | -on me, · and | hear
· my | prayer.
- 3 O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my
glory into shame? how long will ye love
vanity, and | seek · after | leasing?
- 4 But know that the Lord hath set apart him
that is godly for himself: the Lord will |
hear · when I | call · un- | -to him.
- 5 Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with
your own heart upon your | bed, and · be
| still.
- 6 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and |
put · your | trust · in the | LORD.
- 7 There be many that say, Who will | show us
· any | good?
- 8 LORD, lift thou up the light of thy | coun- ·
te- | -nance · up- | -on us.
- 9 Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more
than in the time that their corn and their |
wine · in- | -creased.
- 10 I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep:
for thou, LORD, only | makest · me | dwell ·
in | safety.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM V.

- 1 GIVE ear to my words, O LORD, consider my
| med- · -i- | -tation.
- 2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King,
and my God: for unto | thee— | will ·
I | pray.
- 3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O
LORD; in the morning will I direct my
prayer unto thee, and | will · look | up.
- 4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure
in wickedness: neither shall | e- · -vil |
dwell · with | thee.
- 5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight:
thou hatest all | workers · of in- | -iquity.
- 6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing:
the LORD will abhor the | bloody · and
de- | -ceit · ful | man.
- 7 But as for me, I will come into thy house
in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy
fear will I worship toward thy | ho · ly |
temple.
- 8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness,
because of mine enemies; make thy way
| straight · be- | -fore · my | face.
- 9 But let all those that put their trust in thee
rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, be-
cause | thou · de- | -fendest them:
- 10 Let them also that love thy | name · be |
joyful · in | thee.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 For thou, LORD, wilt | bless the | righteous ;
12 With favour wilt thou compass | him · as |
with · a | shield.

PSALM VIII.

- 1 O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name
in | all · the | earth !
2 Who hast set thy | glory · a- | -bove · the |
heavens.
3 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
hast thou ordained strength be- | -cause of
· thine | enemies.
4 That thou mightest still the | ene- · -my |
and · the a- | -venger.
5 When I consider thy heavens, the work of
thy fingers ; the moon and the stars, which
| thou · hast or- | -dained :
6 What is man, that thou art mindful of him ?
and the son of ' man, · that thou | visit- ·
est | him ?
7 For thou hast made him a little lower than
the angels, and hast crowned him with |
glory · and | honour.
8 Thou madest him to have dominion over
the works of thy hands ; thou hast put | all
· things | under · his | feet :
9 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of
the field ; the fowl of the air, and the fish
of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through
the | paths · of the | seas.
10 O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy |
name · in | all · the | earth !

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM XVI.

- 1 PRESERVE me, O God : for in thee do I | put ·
my | trust.
- 2 O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord,
Thou art my Lord : my goodness ex- |
ten- · -deth | not · to | thee ;
- 3 But to the saints that are in the earth, and
to the excellent, in whom is | all · my
de- | -light.
- 4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten
after another god : their drink-offerings of
blood will I not offer, nor take up their |
names · in- | -to · my | lips.
- 5 The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance
and of my cup : thou main- | -tainest · my |
lot.
- 6 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant
places ; yea, I | have · a | good- · -ly | her-
itage.
- 7 I will bless the Lord, who hath given me
counsel : my reins also instruct me in the |
night — | seasons.
- 8 I have set the Lord always before me : be-
cause he is at my right hand, I | shall ·
not | be — | moved.
- 9 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory
rejoiceth : my flesh also shall | rest · in |
hope.
- 10 For thou wilt not leave my soul in the
grave ; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy
| One · to | see · cor- | -ruption.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 Thou wilt show me the | path · of | life :
12 In thy presence is fulness of joy ; at thy
right hand there are | pleasures · for |
ev · er- | -more.

PSALM XIX.

- 1 THE heavens declare the glory of God ; and
the firmament sheweth his | han- · -dy |
work.
2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and | night ·
unto | night · sheweth | knowledge.
3 There is no speech nor language, where
their | voice is · not | heard.
4 Their line is gone out through all the earth,
and their | words · to the | end · of the |
world.
5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun :
which is as a bridegroom coming out of his
chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to
| run · a | race.
6 His going forth is from the end of the hea-
ven, and his circuit unto the ends of it :
and there is nothing | hid · from the | heat
· there- | -of.
7 The law of the LORD is perfect, con- | -vert-
ing · the | soul :
8 The testimony of the Lord is | sure, · mak-
ing | wise · the | simple.
9 The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | -joic-
ing · the | heart :
10 The commandment of the Lord is | pure, ·
en- | -lightening · the | eyes.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | -during ·
for | ever :
- 12 The judgments of the Lord are | true · and
| righteous · alto- | -gether.
- 13 More to be desired are they than gold, yea,
than much fine gold : sweeter also than
honey and the | hon · ey | comb.
- 14 Moreover, by them is thy servant warned :
and in keeping of | them · there is | great ·
re- | -ward.
- 15 Who can understand his errors ? cleanse
thou me from | se- · -cret | faults.
- 16 Keep back thy servant also from presump-
tuous sins ; let them not | have · do- |
-min · ion | over me :
- 17 Then shall I be upright, and I shall be inno-
cent from the | great · trans | gression.
- 18 Let the words of my mouth, and the medi-
tation of my heart, be acceptable in thy
sight, O LORD, my | strength, · and | my ·
re- | -deemer.

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 THE LORD is my shepherd ; I | shall · not | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
he leadeth me be- | -side · the | still — | waters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his | name's — |
sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for
thou art with me ; thy | rod and · thy |
staff · they | comfort me.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup · runneth | over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the | house · of the | Lord · for | ever.

PSALM XXIV.

- 1 THE earth is the LORD's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that | dwell · there- | -in.
2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and es- | -tablished · it up- | -on · the | floods.
3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? and who shall stand in his | ho- · -ly | place?
4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor | sworn — | de- — | -ceitfully.
5 He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of | his · sal- | -vation.
6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that | seek · thy | face, · O | Jacob.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory | shall · come | in.
8 Who is this King of glory? the LORD strong and mighty, the | LORD — | mighty · in | battle.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory | shall · come | in.
10 Who is this King of glory? the LORD of hosts, | he · is the | King · of | glory.

PSALM XXV.

- 1 UNTO thee, O LORD, do I lift | up · my | soul.
2 O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine | ene- · -mies | tri- · umph | over me.
3 Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which trans- | -gress with- · -out | cause.
4 Shew me thy ways, O LORD; | teach · me | thy — | paths.
5 Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I | wait · all the | day.
6 Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses; for | they have · been | ever · of | old.
7 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions; according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' | sake, · O | LORD.
8 Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach | sin- · -ners | in · the | way.
9 The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he | teach · his | way.
10 All the paths of the LORD are mercy and truth unto such as keep his | cove- · -nant | and · his | testimonies.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for | it · is | great.
- 12 What man is he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the | way · that | he · shall | choose.
- 13 His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall in- | -herit · the | earth.
- 14 The secret of the LORD is with them that fear him; and he will | shew · them | his — | covenant.
- 15 O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my | trust · in | thee.
- 16 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for | I — | wait · on | thee.

PSALM XXVI.

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity: I have trusted also in the LORD; therefore I | shall · not | slide.
- 2 Examine me, O LORD, and prove me; try my | reins — | and · my | heart.
- 3 For thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in | thy — | truth.
- 4 I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go | in — | with · dis- | -semblers.
- 5 I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not | sit · with the | wicked.
- 6 I will wash my hands in innocency: so will I | compass · thine | altar, · O | LORD:

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 7 That I may publish with the voice of
thanksgiving, and tell of all thy | won-
· -drous | works.
- 8 LORD, I have loved the habitation of thy
house, and the place where | thine — |
hon- · -our | dwelleth.
- 9 Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my
life with | blood- · -y | men :
- 10 In whose hands is mischief, and their | right
· hand is | full · of | bribes.
- 11 But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity :
redeem me, and be merciful | un- · -to |
me.
- 12 My foot standeth in an even place : in the
congregations will | I — | bless · the | LORD.

PSALM XXVII.

- 1 THE LORD is my light and my salvation ; |
whom shall · I | fear ?
- 2 The LORD is the strength of my life ; of |
whom · shall I | be · a- | -fraid ?
- 3 When the wicked, even mine enemies and
my foes, came upon me to consume me,
they | stumbled · and | fell.
- 4 Though an host should encamp against me,
my heart shall not fear : though war should
rise against me, in | this · will | I · be |
confident.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 One thing have I desired of the LORD, that
will I seek after; that I may dwell in the
house of the LORD all the | days of · my |
life :
- 6 To behold the beauty of the LORD, and to
in- | -quire · in | his — | temple.
- 7 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me
in | his · pa- | -vilion :
- 8 In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide
me; he shall set me | up · up- | -on · a
| rock.
- 9 And now shall mine head be lifted up above
mine enemies | round · a- | -bout me :
- 10 Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sac-
rifices of joy : I will sing, yea, I will sing
| prai- · -ses | unto · the | LORD.
- 11 Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice :
have mercy also upon me, and | an- ·
-swer | me.
- 12 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my
heart said unto thee, Thy | face, · LORD, |
will · I | seek.
- 13 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy
servant a- | -way · in | anger :
- 14 Thou hast been my help; leave me not,
neither forsake me, O | God · of | my ·
sal- | -vation.
- 15 When my father and my mother forsake
me, then the LORD will | take · me | up.
- 16 Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me
in a plain path, be- | -cause · of | mine —
| enemies.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 17 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see
the goodness of the LORD, in the | land ·
of the | living.
- 18 Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and
he shall strengthen thine heart: | wait, ·
I | say, · on the | LORD.

PSALM XXIX.

- 1 GIVE unto the LORD, O ye mighty, give unto
the LORD | glory · and | strength.
- 2 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his
name; worship the | LORD · in the | beauty
· of | holiness.
- 3 The voice of the LORD is upon the waters:
the God of glory thundereth: the LORD is
up- | -on · many | waters. ·
- 4 The voice of the LORD is powerful; the
voice of the | LORD · is | full · of | majesty.
- 5 The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars;
yea, the LORD breaketh the | cedars · of |
Lebanon.
- 6 The voice of the LORD di- | -videth · the |
flames · of | fire.
- 7 The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilder-
ness; the LORD shaketh the | wilderness ·
of | Kadesh.
- 8 The LORD sitteth upon the flood; yea, the
| LORD · sitteth | King · for | ever.
- 9 The LORD will give strength un- | -to · his |
people.
- 10 The LORD will | bless · his | people · with |
peace.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM XXXIII.

- 1 REJOICE in the LORD, O ye righteous; for
praise is | comely · for the | upright.
- 2 Praise the LORD with harp: sing unto him
with the psaltery and an | instru- · -ment
of | ten — | strings.
- 3 Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully
with a | loud — | noise.
- 4 For the word of the LORD is right; and all
his | works · are | done · in | truth.
- 5 He loveth righteousness and judgment: the
earth is full of the | goodness · of the |
LORD.
- 6 By the word of the LORD were the heavens
made; and all the host of them by the |
breath · of | his — | mouth.
- 7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together
as an heap: he layeth up the | depth · in
| store-houses.
- 8 Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the
inhabitants of the | world · stand in | awe
· of | him.
- 9 For he spake, and it was done; he com-
manded, and it | stood — | fast.
- 10 The LORD bringeth the counsel of the hea-
then to nought: he maketh the devices
of the | people · of | none · ef- | -fect.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 The counsel of the LORD standeth for ever,
the thoughts of his heart to | all · gene- |
-rations.
- 12 Blessed is the nation whose God is the
LORD; and the people whom he hath
chosen for his | own · in- | -her- · -i- |
-tance.
- 13 The LORD looketh from heaven; he behold-
eth all the | sons · of | men.
- 14 From the place of his habitation he looketh
upon all the in- | -habi- · -tants | of · the |
earth.
- 15 He fashioneth their hearts alike; he con-
sidereth | all · their | works.
- 16 There is no king saved by the multitude of
an host: a mighty man is not de- | -liv-
er'd · by | much — | strength.
- 17 An horse is a vain thing for safety: neither
shall he deliver any by | his · great |
strength.
- 18 Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them
that fear him, upon them that | hope · in
| his — | mercy.
- 19 To deliver their soul from death, and to
keep them a- | -live · in | famine.
- 20 Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he is our |
help · and | our — | shield.
- 21 For our heart shall rejoice in him, because
we have trusted in his | ho- · ly | name.
- 22 Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, ac- |
-cording · as we | hope · in | thee.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM XXXIV.

- 1 I WILL bless the LORD at all times: his
praise shall continually | be in · my |
mouth.
- 2 My soul shall make her boast in the LORD:
the humble shall | hear · there- | -of, and
· be | glad.
- 3 O magnify the LORD with me, and let us
exalt his | name · to- | -gether.
- 4 I sought the LORD, and he heard me, and
de- | -liver'd · me from | all · my | fears.
- 5 They looked unto him, and were lightened:
and their faces were | not · a- | -shamed.
- 6 This poor man cried, and the LORD heard
him, and saved him | out · of | all · his |
troubles.
- 7 The angel of the LORD encampeth round
about them that fear him, and de- | -liver-
· -eth | them.
- 8 O taste and see that the LORD is good:
blessed is the | man · that | trusteth ·
in | him.
- 9 O fear the LORD, ye his saints; for there
is no want to them that | fear — | him.
- 10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hun-
ger: but they that seek the LORD shall
not | want — | any · good | thing.

- 11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will
teach you the | fear · of the | LORD.
- 12 What man is he that desireth life, and
loveth many days, that | he · may | see --
| good ?
- 13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips
from | speak- · -ing | guile.
- 14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek | peace
— | and pur- | -sue it.
- 15 The eyes of the LORD are upon the right-
eous, and his ears are open un- | -to · their
| cry.
- 16 The face of the LORD is against them that
do evil, to cut off the re- | -membrance ·
of | them · from the | earth.
- 17 The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth,
and delivereth them out of | all · their |
troubles.
- 18 The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a
broken heart; and saveth such as | be ·
of a | con- · -trite | spirit.
- 19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous;
but the LORD delivereth him | out of ·
them | all.
- 20 He keepeth all his bones: not | one · of |
them · is | broken.
- 21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that
hate the righteous | shall · be | desolate.
- 22 The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants:
and none of them that | trust · in | him
shall · be | desolate.

PSALM XXXVII.

- 1 FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the | workers · of in- | -iquity.
- 2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and | wither · as the | green — | herb.
- 3 Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou | shalt · be | fed.
- 4 Delight thyself also in the LORD, and he shall give thee the de- | -sires · of | thine — heart.
- 5 Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall | bring it · to | pass;
- 6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy | judg- · -ment | as · the | noon-day.
- 7 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise | to · do | evil.
- 8 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the LORD, | they · shall in- | -herit · the | earth.
- 9 The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he de- | -lighteth · in his | way.
- 10 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the LORD up- | -holdeth · him | with · his | hand.

- 11 I have been young, and now am old; yet
have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor
his | seed · begging | bread.
- 12 He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his |
seed — | is — | blessed.
- 13 Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell
for | ev- · -er- | -more.
- 14 For the LORD loveth judgment, and forsaketh
not his saints; they are preserved forever:
but the seed of the | wicked · shall | be ·
cut | off.
- 15 The righteous shall inherit the land, and
dwell there- | -in · for | ever.
- 16 The mouth of the righteous speaketh wis-
dom, and his | tongue — | talketh · of |
judgment.
- 17 The law of his God is in his heart; none of
his | steps · shall | slide.
- 18 The wicked watcheth the righteous, and |
seeketh · to | slay — | him.
- 19 The LORD will not leave him in his hand,
nor condemn him when | he · is | judged.
- 20 Wait on the LORD and keep his way, and he
shall exalt thee to inherit the land: When
the wicked are cut off, | thou — | shalt —
| see it.
- 21 I have seen the wicked in great power, and
spreading himself like a | green — | bay-
tree.
- 22 Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not;
yea, I sought him, but | he · could | not ·
be | found.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 23 Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that | man · is | peace.
- 24 But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the | wicked · shall | be · cut | off.
- 25 But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD: he is their strength in the | time · of | trouble.
- 26 And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, be- | -cause · they | trust · in | him.

PSALM XXXIX.

- 1 I SAID, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the | wicked · is be- | -fore me.
- 2 I was dumb with silence; I held my peace, even from good; and my | sor- · -row | was — | stirred.
- 3 My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned; then | spake I · with my | tongue.
- 4 LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may | know · how | frail · I | am.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 Behold, thou hast made my days as an
handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing
before thee: verily every man at his best
state is alto- | -geth- · -er | vanity.
- 6 Surely every man walketh in a vain shew:
surely they are disquieted in vain: he
heapeth up riches, and knoweth not | who ·
shall | gath- · -er | them.
- 7 And now, LORD, what wait I for? my | hope
is · in | thee.
- 8 Deliver me from all my transgressions:
make me not the re- | -proach — | of · the |
foolish.
- 9 I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; be- |
cause · thou | didst it.
- 10 Remove thy stroke away from me: I am
consumed by the | blow · of | thine — |
hand.
- 11 When thou with rebukes dost correct man
for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to
consume away like a moth: surely every |
man · is | vanity.
- 12 Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto
my cry; hold not thy | peace — | at · my |
tears.
- 13 For I am a stranger with thee and a so-
journer, as all my | fath- · -ers | were.
- 14 O spare me, that I may recover strength, be-
fore I go | hence, · and | be · no | more.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS

PSALM XL.

- 1 I WAITED patiently for the LORD; and he inclined unto me, and | heard · my | cry.
- 2 He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and es- | -tab- · -lish'd | my — | goings.
- 3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall | trust · in the | LORD.
- 4 Blessed is that man that maketh the LORD his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as | turn · a- | -side · to | lies.
- 5 Many, O LORD my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which | are · to | us-ward:
- 6 They cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are | more · than | can · be | numbered.
- 7 Sacrifice and offering thou | didst · not de- | -sire.
- 8 Mine ears hast thou opened: burnt-offering and sin-offering | hast · thou | not · re- | -quired.
- 9 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is | written · of | me,
- 10 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy | law · is with- | -in · my | heart.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 I have preached righteousness in the | great
· congre- | -gation.
- 12 Lo, I have not refrained my | lips, · O |
LORD, · thou | knowest.
- 13 I have not hid thy righteousness with- | -in ·
my | heart.
- 14 I have declared thy faithfulness and thy sal-
vation: I have not concealed thy loving-
kindness and thy | truth · from the | great
· congre- | -gation.
- 15 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies | from
me, · O | LORD.
- 16 Let thy loving-kindness and thy truth con- |
-tinually · pre- | -serve — | me.
- 17 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be |
glad · in | thee.
- 18 Let such as love thy salvation say continu-
ally, the | LORD · be | mag- · -ni- | -fied.
- 19 But I am poor and needy; yet the LORD
thinketh up- | -on — | me.
- 20 Thou art my help and my deliverer; make
no | tarry- · -ing, | O · my | God.

PSALM XLII.

- 1 As the hart panteth after the water-brooks,
so panteth my soul after | thee, · O | God.
- 2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living
God: when shall I come and ap- | -pear ·
be- | -fore — | God?
- 3 My tears have been my meat | day · and |
night,
- 4 While they continually say unto me, |
Where · is | thy — | God?

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 When I remember these things, I pour out
my soul in me : for I had | gone · with
the | multitude.
- 6 I went with them to the house of God, with
the voice of joy and praise, with a multi-
tude that | kept — | ho- · -ly | day.
- 7 Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and
why art thou dis- | -quiet- · -ed | in me ?
- 8 Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise
him for the | help · of | his — | counte-
nance.
- 9 O my God, my soul is cast | down · with- |
-in me.
- 10 Therefore will I remember thee from the
land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, |
from · the | hill — | Mizar.
- 11 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy
water-spouts : all thy waves and thy bil-
lows are | gone — | over me.
- 12 Yet the LORD will command his loving-kind-
ness in the day time, and in the night his
song shall be with me, and my prayer
unto the | God · of | my — | life.
- 13 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast
thou forgotten me ? why go I mourning
because of the op- | -pression · of the |
enemy ?
- 14 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies
reproach me ; while they say daily unto
me, | Where · is | thy — | God ?

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 15 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and
why art thou dis- | -quiet- · -ed with- | -in
me?
16 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise
him, who is the health of my | counte- ·
-nance, | and · my | God.

PSALM XLVI.

- 1 God is our refuge and strength, a very
present | help · in | trouble.
2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth
be removed, and though the mountains be
carried in- | -to · the | midst · of the | sea;
3 Though the waters thereof | roar · and be |
troubled.
4 Though the mountains | shake · with the |
swelling · there- | -of.
5 There is a river, the streams whereof shall
make glad the | city · of | God.
6 The holy place of the | tabernacles · of the |
Most — | High.
7 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not ·
be | moved.
8 God shall | help her, · and | that · right |
early.
9 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were
moved: he uttered his voice, the | earth
— | melted.
10 The LORD of hosts is with us; the God of |
Ja- · -cob | is · our | refuge,

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 Come, behold the works of the LORD, what
desolations he hath | made · in the | earth.
12 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the
earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth
the spear in sunder; he | burneth · the |
chariot · in the | fire.
13 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be
exalted among the heathen, I will be ex-
| -alted · in the | earth.
14 The LORD of hosts is with us; the God of |
Ja- · -cob | is · our | refuge.

PSALM XLVIII.

- 1 GREAT is the LORD, and greatly to be praised
in the city of our God, in the | mountain ·
of his | holiness.
2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole
earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the
north, the | city · of the | great — | King.
3 God is known in her palaces | for · a | refuge.
4 As we have heard, so have we seen in the
city of the LORD of hosts, in the city of our
God: God will es- | -tablish · it | for — |
ever.
5 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O
God, in the | midst of · thy | temple.
6 According to thy name, O God, so is thy
praise unto the ends of the earth: thy
right | hand · is | full · of | righteousness.
7 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of
Judah be glad, be- | -cause of · thy | judg-
ments.
8 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: |
tell · the | towers · there- | -of.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 9 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her
palaces; that ye may tell it to the gene-
-ra- · -tion | following.
- 10 For this God is our God for ever and ever:
he will be our | guide · even | un- · -to |
death.

PSALM L.

- 1 THE mighty God, even the LORD, hath
spoken, and called the earth from the
rising of the sun unto the going | down ·
there- | -of.
- 2 Out of Zion, the perfection of | beau- · -ty, |
God · hath | shined.
- 3 Our God shall come, and shall not keep
silence: a fire shall devour before him,
and it shall be very tempestuous* | round ·
a- | -bout him.
- 4 He shall call to the heavens from above, and
to the earth, that | he · may | judge · his |
people.
- 5 Gather my saints together unto me; those
that have made a covenant with | me ·
by | sacrifice.
- 6 And the heavens shall declare his righteous-
ness: for | God · is | judge · him- | -self.
- 7 Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O
Israel, and I will testify against thee: I
am God, even | thy — | God.
- 8 I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices or
thy burnt-offerings to have | been · con- |
-tinually · be- | -fore me.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 9 I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor
he-goats | out of · thy | folds.
- 10 For every beast of the forest is mine, and
the cattle up- | -on · a | thou- · -sand |
hills.
- 11 I know all the fowls of the mountains: and
the wild beasts of the | field · are | mine.
- 12 If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for
the world is | mine, · and the | fulness ·
there- | -of.
- 13 Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the |
blood · of | goats?
- 14 Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy |
vows · un- | -to the · Most | High.
- 15 And call upon me in the day of trouble: I
will deliver thee, and thou shalt | glori- ·
-fy | me.
- 16 Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to
him that ordereth his conversation aright
will I | shew the · sal- | -vation · of | God.

PSALM LI.

- 1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to
thy | lov- · -ing | kindness.
- 2 According unto the multitude of thy tender
mercies | blot · out | my · trans- | -gres-
sions.
- 3 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
and cleanse me | from · my | sin.
- 4 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and
my | sin · is | ever · be- | -fore me.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward
parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt
make | me to · know | wisdom.
- 6 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean :
wash me, and I | shall · be | whiter · than
| snow.
- 7 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the
bones which thou hast broken | may ·
re- | -joice.
- 8 Hide thy face from my sins, and | blot · out
| all · mine in- | -iquities.
- 9 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and
renew a right | spirit · with- | -in me.
- 10 Cast me not away from thy presence; and
take not thy | ho- · -ly | spi- · -rit | from
me.
- 11 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
and uphold me with | thy · free | spirit.
- 12 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
and sinners shall be con- | -ver- · -ted |
un- · -to | thee.
- 13 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God,
thou God of | my · sal- | -vation :
- 14 And my tongue shall sing a- | -loud · of |
thy — | righteousness.
- 15 O LORD, open thou my lips, and my mouth
shall shew | forth · thy | praise.
- 16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I
give it: thou delightest | not · in | burnt-
— | -offering.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 17 The sacrifices of God are a | bro- · -ken |
spirit:
18 A broken and a contrite heart, O God, | thou
· wilt | not · des- | -pise.

PSALM LXII.

- 1 TRULY my soul waiteth upon God : from him
cometh | my · sal- | -vation.
2 He only is my rock and my salvation ; he is
my defence ; I shall | not · be | great- · -ly
| moved.
3 My soul, wait thou only upon God ; for my
expectation | is · from | him.
4 He only is my rock and my salvation : he is
my defence ; | I · shall | not · be | moved.
5 In God is my salvation and my glory : the
rock of my strength, and my refuge, | is ·
in | God.
6 Trust in him at all times ; ye people, pour
out your heart before him : | God · is a |
refuge · for | us.
7 Surely men of low degree are vanity, and
men of high degree | are · a | lie.
8 To be laid in the balance, they are alto-
gether | light- · -er | than — | vanity.
9 Trust not in oppression, and become not |
vain · in | robbery:
10 If riches increase, set | not · your | heart ·
up- | -on them.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 God hath spoken once ; twice have I heard
this ; that power belongeth | un- · -to |
God.
- 12 Also unto thee, O LORD, belongeth mercy :
for thou renderest to every man ac- | -cord-
· -ing | to · his | work.

PSALM LXIII.

- 1 O God, thou art my God ; early will I | seek
— | thee :
- 2 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth
for thee in a dry and thirsty | land, ·
where no | wa- · -ter | is ;
- 3 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I
have seen thee | in · the | sanctuary.
- 4 Because thy loving-kindness is better than
life, my | lips · shall | praise — | thee.
- 5 Thus will I bless thee while I live : I will lift
up my | hands in · thy | name.
- 6 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow
and fatness ; and my mouth shall | praise
· thee with | joy- · -ful | lips.
- 7 When I remember thee upon my bed, and
meditate on thee in the | night — |
watches.
- 8 Because thou hast been my help, therefore
in the shadow of thy | wings · will | I ·
re- | -joice.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM LXV.

- 1 PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Sion: and
unto thee shall the | vow · be per- |
-formed.
- 2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto | thee ·
shall | all · flesh | come.
- 3 Iniquities pre- | -vail · a- | -gainst me:
- 4 As for our transgressions, | thou · shalt |
purge them · a- | -way.
- 5 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and
causest to approach unto thee, that he
may | dwell in · thy | courts.
- 6 We shall be satisfied with the goodness of
thy house, | even · of thy | ho- · -ly | tem-
ple.
- 7 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou
answer us, O God of | our · sal- | -vation;
- 8 Who art the confidence of all the ends of the
earth, and of them that are afar | off ·
up- | -on · the | sea:
- 9 Which by his strength setteth fast the moun-
tains; being | girded · with | power:
- 10 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the
noise of their waves, and the | tu · -mult |
of · the | people.
- 11 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts
are afraid at | thy — | tokens.
- 12 Thou makest the out-goings of the morning
and | even- · -ing | to · re- | -joice.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 13 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it:
 thou greatly enrichest it with the river of
 God, which is | full · of | water:
- 14 Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast
 | so · pro- | -vi- · -ded | for it.
- 15 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly:
 thou settlest the | furrows · there- | -of.
- 16 Thou makest it soft with showers: thou |
 blessest · the | springing · there- | -of.
- 17 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
 and thy | paths · drop | fatness.
- 18 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
 and the little hills re- | -joice · on | eve- · -ry | side.
- 19 The pastures are clothed with flocks; the
 valleys also are covered | over · with | corn.
- 20 They shout for | joy, · they | al- · -so | sing.

PSALM LXVI.

- 1 MAKE a joyful noise unto God, | all · ye | lands:
- 2 Sing forth the honour of his | name: · make | his · praise | glorious.
- 3 Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works!
 through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit them- |
 -selves · unto | thee.
- 4 All the earth shall worship thee, and shall
 sing unto thee; they shall | sing · to | thy — | name.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 Come and see the works of God : he is terrible in his doing toward the | children · of | men.
- 6 He turned the sea into dry land : they went through the flood on foot : there did | we · re- | -joice · in | him.
- 7 He ruleth by his power for ever : his eyes be- | -hold · the | nations.
- 8 Let not the re- | -bel- · -lious ex- | -alt · them- | -selves.
- 9 O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his | praise to · be | heard :
- 10 Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our | feet · to | be — | moved.
- 11 I will go into thy house with burnt offerings : I will | pay thee · my | vows,
- 12 Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when | I · was | in — | trouble.
- 13 Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath | done for · my | soul.
- 14 I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was ex- | -tol- · -led | with · my | tongue.
- 15 If I regard iniquity in my heart, the | LORD will · not | hear me :
- 16 But verily God hath heard me ; he hath attended to the | voice · of | my — | prayer.
- 17 Blessed be God, which hath not turned a- | -way · my | prayer,
- 18 Nor his | mer- · -cy | from — | me.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM LXVII.

- 1 God be merciful unto | us, · and | bless us ;
- 2 And cause his | face · to | shine · up- | -on
us.
- 3 That thy way may be | known up- · -on |
earth,
- 4 Thy saving | health · a- | -mong · all | na-
tions.
- 5 Let the people | praise thee, · O | God ;
- 6 Let | all the · people | praise — | thee.
- 7 O let the nations be glad and | sing · for |
joy :
- 8 For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
and govern the | na- · -tions | up- · -on |
earth.
- 9 Let the people | praise thee, · O | God,
- 10 Let | all the · people | praise — | thee.
- 11 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and
God, even our | own · God, shall | bless
us.
- 12 God shall bless us, and all the ends of the |
earth · shall | fear — | him.

PSALM LXXI.

- 1 IN thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me
never be | put to · con- | -fusion.
- 2 Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause
me to escape: incline thine | ear · unto |
me, · and | save me.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 3 Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I
may con- | -tinually · re- | -sort :
- 4 Thou hast given commandment to save me;
for thou art my | rock · and | my — | for-
tress.
- 5 Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and
with thy honour | all · the | day.
- 6 Cast me not off in the time of old age ; for-
sake me | not · when my | strength — |
faileth.
- 7 O God, thou hast taught me | from · my |
youth :
- 8 And hitherto have I de- | -clared · thy |
won- · -drous | works.
- 9 Now also when I am old and grey-headed,
O God, for- | -sake · me | not ;
- 10 Until I have shewed thy strength unto this
generation, and thy power to every | one ·
that | is · to | come.
- 11 Thy righteousness also, O God, is very
high, who hast done great things : O God,
who is | like · unto | thee ?
- 12 Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore
troubles, shalt quicken me again, and
shalt bring me up again from the | depths
— | of · the | earth.
- 13 Thou shalt increase my greatness, and com-
fort me on | eve- · -ry | side.
- 14 I will praise thee with the psaltery, even thy
truth, O my God : unto thee will I sing
with the harp, O thou | Ho- · -ly | One ·
of | Israel.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 15 My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing
unto thee; and my soul, which | thou .
hast re- | -deemed.
- 16 My tongue also shall talk of thy righteous-
ness all the day long: for they are con-
founded, for they are brought unto |
shame, · that | seek · my | hurt.

PSALM LXXII.

- 1 GIVE the king thy judgments, O God, and
thy righteousness unto the | king's — |
son.
- 2 He shall judge thy people with righteous-
ness, and thy | poor — | with — | judg-
ment.
- 3 The mountains shall bring peace to the peo-
ple, and the little | hills, · by | righteous-
ness.
- 4 He shall judge the poor of the people, he
shall save the children of the needy, and
shall break in | pie- · -ces | the · op- |
-pressor.
- 5 They shall fear thee as long as the sun and
moon endure, throughout | all · gene- |
-rations.
- 6 He shall come down like rain upon the
mown grass: as | showers · that | water ·
the | earth.
- 7 In his days shall the righteous flourish: and
abundance of peace so long as the | moon
· en- | -dureth.
- 8 He shall have dominion also from sea to
sea, and from the river unto the | ends —
| of · the | earth.

- 9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow
before him; and his enemies shall | lick ·
the | dust.
- 10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall
bring presents: the kings of Sheba and |
Seba · shall | offer | gifts.
- 11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him :
all | nations · shall | serve him.
- 12 For he shall deliver the needy when he
crieth; the poor also, and | him · that |
hath · no | helper.
- 13 He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall
save the | souls · of the | needy.
- 14 He shall redeem their soul from deceit and
violence: and precious shall their | blood ·
be | in · his | sight.
- 15 And he shall live, and to him shall be given
of the | gold · of | Sheba :
- 16 Prayer also shall be made for him continu-
ally; and | daily · shall | he · be | praised.
- 17 There shall be an handful of corn in the
earth upon the top of the mountains; the
fruit thereof shall | shake · like | Leba-
non :
- 18 And they of the city shall | flourish · like |
grass of . the | earth.
- 19 His name shall endure for ever: his name
shall be continued as | long · as the | sun.
- 20 And men shall be blessed in him: all | na-
tions · shall | call · him | blessed,

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 21 Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel,
who only doeth | won- · -drous | things.
- 22 And blessed be his glorious name for ever :
and let the whole earth be filled with
his | glory. · A- | -men, and · A- | -men.

PSALM LXXVII.

- 1 I CRIED unto God with my voice, even unto
God with my voice; and he gave | ear ·
un- | -to me.
- 2 In the day of my | trouble · I | sought · the |
LORD :
- 3 I have considered the days of old, the years
of | an- · -cient | times.
- 4 I call to remembrance my song in the night :
I commune with mine own heart : and
my | spirit · made | dili- · -gent | search.
- 5 Will the LORD cast off for ever ? and will he
be | favourable · no | more ?
- 6 Is his mercy clean gone for ever ? doth his
promise | fail · for | ev- · -er- | -more ?
- 7 Hath God forgotten to be gracious ? hath he
in anger shut up his | ten- · -der | mer-
cies ?
- 8 And I said, This is my infirmity : but I will
remember the years of the right | hand ·
of | the · Most | High.
- 9 I will remember the works of the LORD :
surely I will remember thy | wonders · of |
old.
- 10 I will meditate also of all thy work, and |
talk : of | thy — | doings.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary : who
is so great a God as | our — | God !
- 12 Thou art the | God · that | do- · -est | won-
ders :
- 13 Thou hast declared thy strength a- | -mong ·
the | people.
- 14 Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy
people, the | sons · of | Jacob · and | Jo-
seph.
- 15 The waters saw thee, O God, the waters
saw thee ; they were afraid : the depths |
also · were | troubled
- 16 The clouds poured out water : the skies
sent out a sound : thine | arrows · also |
went · a- | -broad.
- 17 The voice of thy thunder was | in · the |
heaven.
- 18 The lightnings lightened the world : the |
earth — | trembled · and | shook.
- 19 Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the
great waters, and thy footsteps | are · not |
known.
- 20 Thou leddest thy people like a flock by
the | hand · of | Moses · and | Aaron.

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that
ledest Joseph like a flock ; thou that
dwellest between the | cherubims, · shine |
forth.
- 2 Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manas-
seh stir up thy | strength, · and | come ·
and | save us.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 3 Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face
to shine; and | we shall · be | saved.
- 4 O LORD God of hosts, how long wilt thou be
angry against the | prayer · of | thy — |
people?
- 5 Thou feedest them with the bread of tears;
and givest them tears to | drink in · great |
measure.
- 6 Thou makest us a strife unto our neigh-
bours: and our enemies | laugh · a- |
-mong · them- | -selves.
- 7 Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause
thy | face · to | shine,
- 8 And | we · shall | be — | saved.
- 9 Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt:
thou hast cast out the | heathen · and |
planted it.
- 10 Thou preparedst room before it, and didst
cause it to take deep | root, · and it | filled ·
the | land.
- 11 The hills were covered with the shadow of
it, and the boughs thereof were like the |
good- · -ly | cedars.
- 12 She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and
her | branches · un- | -to · the | river.
- 13 Why hast thou then broken down her
hedges, so that all they which pass by
the | way · do | pluck her?
- 14 The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and
the wild beast of the | field — | doth ·
de- | -vour it.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 15 Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts :
look down from heaven, and behold, and |
visit · this | vine.
- 16 And the vineyard which thy right hand hath
planted, and the branch that thou madest |
strong · for | thy- — | -self.
- 17 It is burnt with fire, it is cast down : they
perish at the re- | -buke of · thy | coun-
tenance.
- 18 Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right
hand, upon the son of man whom thou
madest | strong · for | thy- — | -self.
- 19 So will not we go back from thee : quicken
us, and we will call up- | -on · thy | name.
- 20 Turn us again, O LORD God of hosts, cause
thy face to shine ; and | we · shall | be —
| saved.

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O | LORD ·
of | hosts !
- 2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the
courts of the LORD : my heart and my
flesh crieth | out · for the | liv- · -ing |
God.
- 3 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house :
they will be still | prais- · -ing | thee.
- 4 Blessed is the man whose strength is in
thee ; in whose | heart · are the | ways ·
of | them.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth be- | -fore — | God.
- 6 O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer : give | ear, · O | God · of | Jacob.
- 7 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of | thine · an- | -ointed.
- 8 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to | dwell · in the | tents · of | wickedness.
- 9 For the LORD God is a sun and shield : the LORD will give grace and glory ; no good thing will he withhold from them that | walk · up- | -rightly.
- 10 O LORD of hosts, blessed is the | man · that | trusteth · in | thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 LORD, thou hast been favourable unto thy land : thou hast brought back the cap- | -tivity · of | Jacob.
- 2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people, thou hast | cover- · -ed | all · their | sin.
- 3 Thou hast taken away all thy wrath : thou hast turned thyself from the | fierceness · of thine | anger.
- 4 Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine | anger · toward | us · to | cease.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt
thou draw out thine anger to | all · gen-
e- | -rations?
- 6 Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy peo-
ple | may · re- | -joice · in | thee?
- 7 Shew us thy mercy, O LORD, and grant us |
thy · sal- | -vation.
- 8 I will hear what | God · the | LORD · will |
speak.
- 9 For he will speak peace unto his people, and
to his saints: but let them not turn a- |
-gain · to | folly.
- 10 Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear
him; that | glory · may | dwell in · our |
land.
- 11 Mercy and truth are met together; righte-
ousness and peace have | kissed · each |
other.
- 12 Truth shall spring out of the earth; and
righteousness | shall · look | down · from |
heaven.
- 13 Yea, the LORD shall give that which is
good; and our land shall | yield · her |
increase.
- 14 Righteousness shall go before him; and
shall set us in the | way — | of · his |
steps.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 Bow down thine ear, O LORD, hear me: for
I am | poor · and | needy.
- 2 Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou
my God, save thy | servant · that | trust-
eth · in | thee.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 3 Be merciful unto me, O LORD: for I cry |
unto · thee | daily.
- 4 Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto
thee, O LORD, do I | lift · up | my — |
soul.
- 5 For thou, LORD, art good, and ready to for-
give; and plenteous in mercy unto all them
that | call · up- | -on thee.
- 6 Give ear, O LORD, unto my prayer; and at-
tend to the voice of | my — | sup- · -pli- |
-cations.
- 7 In the day of my trouble I will call upon
thee: for | thou · wilt | answer me.
- 8 Among the gods there is none like unto thee,
O LORD; neither are there any | works ·
like | unto · thy | works.
- 9 All nations whom thou hast made shall
come and worship before thee, O LORD;
and shall | glorify · thy | name.
- 10 For thou art great, and doest wondrous
things: | thou · art | God · a- | -lone.
- 11 Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in
thy truth: unite my heart to | fear · thy |
name.
- 12 I will praise thee, O LORD my God, with all
my heart: and I will glorify thy | name ·
for | ev- · -er- | -more.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM LXXXIX.

- 1 I WILL sing of the mercies of the LORD for ever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to | all · gene- | -rations.
- 2 For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever: thy faithfulness shalt thou es- | -tablish · in the | ve- · -ry | heavens.
- 3 I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto | David · my | ser-
vant,
- 4 Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy | throne · to | all · gene- | rations.
- 5 And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O LORD: thy faithfulness also in the con-
gregation | of · the | saints.
- 6 For who in the heaven can be compared unto the LORD? who among the sons of the mighty can be | likened · un- | -to · the | LORD?
- 7 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that | are · a- | -bout him.
- 8 O LORD God of hosts, who is a strong LORD like unto thee? or to thy | faithful- · -ness | round · a- | -bout thee?
- 9 Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves therefore arise, thou | still- · -est | them.
- 10 Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies | with · thy | strong — | arm.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 The heavens are thine, the earth also is
thine: as for the world and the fulness
thereof, thou hast | foun- · -ded | them.
- 12 The north and the south thou hast created
them: Tabor and Hermon shall re- |
-joice · in | thy — | name.
- 13 Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy
hand, and high is | thy · right | hand.
- 14 Justice and judgment are the habitation of
thy throne: mercy and truth shall | go ·
be- | -fore · thy | face.
- 15 Blessed is the people that know the joyful
sound: they shall walk, O LORD, in the |
light of · thy | countenance.
- 16 In thy name shall they rejoice all the day:
and in thy righteousness shall | they — |
be · ex- | -alted.
- 17 For thou art the glory of their strength; and
in thy favour our horn shall | be · ex- |
-alted.
- 18 For the LORD is our defence; and the Holy
One of | Is · -rael | is · our | king.

PSALM XC.

- 1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in |
all · gene- | -rations.
- 2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or
ever thou hadst formed the earth and the
world, even from everlasting to ever- |
-last- · -ing, | thou · art | God.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 3 Thou turnest man to destruction ; and say-
est, Return, ye | children · of | men.
- 4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as
yesterday when it is past, and as a |
watch — | in · the | night.
- 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood ;
they are as a sleep ; in the morning they
are like grass which | grow- · -eth | up.
- 6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth
up ; in the evening it is cut | down, — |
and — | withereth.
- 7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by
thy wrath | are · we | troubled.
- 8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our
secret sins in the | light · of | thy — |
countenance.
- 9 For all our days are passed away in thy
wrath : we spend our years, as a | tale ·
that is | told.
- 10 The days of our years are threescore years
and ten ; and if by reason of strength they
be fourscore years, yet is their strength
labour and sorrow ; for it is soon cut | off ·
and we | fly · a- | -way.
- 11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger ?
even according to thy fear, | so is · thy |
wrath.
- 12 So teach us to number our days, that we
may ap- | -ply · our | hearts · unto | wis-
dom.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 13 Return, O LORD, how long? and let it repent
thee con- | -cerning · thy | servants.
- 14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we
may rejoice and be | glad — | all · our |
days.
- 15 Make us glad according to the days where-
in thou hast afflicted us, and the years
wherein | we have · seen | evil.
- 16 Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
and thy | glo- · -ry | unto · their | chil-
dren.
- 17 And let the beauty of the LORD our God be
upon us: and establish thou the work of
our | hands · up- | -on us;
- 18 Yea, the work of our | hands · es- | -tablish ·
thou | it.

PSALM XCI.

- 1 HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the
Most High shall abide under the | shadow ·
of th' Al- | -mighty.
- 2 I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and
my fortress: my God; in | him · will |
I — | trust.
- 3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare
of the fowler, and from the | noi- · -some |
pestilence.
- 4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and
under his wings shalt thou trust: his
truth shall | be · thy | shield · and | buck-
ler.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by
night; nor for the arrow that | flieth · by |
day :
- 6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in dark-
ness; nor for the de- | -struction · that |
wasteth · at | noon-day.
- 7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten
thousand at thy right hand; but it shall
not | come · nigh | thee.
- 8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and
see the re- | -ward — | of · the | wicked.
- 9 Because thou hast made the LORD which is
my refuge, even the Most High, thy |
hab- · -i- | -tation;
- 10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall
any | plague · come | nigh · thy | dwell-
ing.
- 11 For he shall give his angels charge over
thee, to keep thee in | all · thy | ways.
- 12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest
thou dash thy | foot · a- | -gainst · a |
stone.
- 13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:
the young lion and the dragon shalt thou
trample | un- · -der | feet.
- 14 Because he hath set his love upon me, there-
fore will I deliver him: I will set him on
high, because | he · hath | known · my |
name.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and | hon- · -our | him.
 16 With long life will I satisfy him, and | shew · him | my · sal- | -vation.

PSALM XCII.

- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD, and to sing praises unto thy name, | O · Most | High.
 2 To shew forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy | faithful- · -ness | eve- · -ry · night.
 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a | sol- · -emn | sound.
 4 For thou, O LORD, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the | works · of | thy — | hands.
 5 O LORD, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are | ver- · -y | deep.
 6 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a | fool · under- | -stand — | this.
 7 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be de- | -stroyed · for | ever.
 8 But thou, LORD, art most | high · for | ev- · -er- | -more.
 9 For lo, thine enemies, O LORD, for lo, thine | enemies · shall | perish.
 10 All the workers of in- | -iqui- · -ty | shall · be | scattered.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a | cedar · in | Lebanon.
- 12 Those that be planted in the house of the LORD shall flourish in the | courts · of | our — | God.
- 13 They shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be | fat · and | flourishing;
- 14 To shew that the LORD is upright; he is my rock, and there is no un- | -righteous- · -ness | in — | him.

PSALM XCIII.

- 1 THE LORD reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath | girded · him- | -self:
- 2 The world also is established, that it | can- · -not | be — | moved.
- 3 Thy throne is established of old: thou art from | ev- · -er- | -lasting.
- 4 The floods have lifted up, O LORD, the floods have lifted up their voice; the | floods · lift | up · their | waves.
- 5 The LORD on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty | waves · of the | sea.
- 6 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine | house, · O | LORD, · for | ever.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM XCV.

- 1 O come, let us sing unto the LORD; let us
make a joyful noise to the Rock of | our ·
sal- | -vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence with thanks-
giving, and make a joyful | noise · unto |
him · with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great
King a- | -bove · all | gods.
- 4 In his hand are the deep places of the
earth: the strength of the | hills · is | his
— | also.
- 5 The sea is | his, · and he | made it.
- 6 And his hands | formed · the | dry — |
land.
- 7 O come, let us worship and bow down: let
us kneel before the | LORD · our | Maker.
- 8 For he is our God; and we are the people
of his pasture, and the | sheep · of | his —
| hand.
- 9 To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not
your heart, as in the provocation, and as
in the day of temptation | in · the | wil-
derness:
- 10 When your fathers tempted me, | proved
me, · and | saw · my | work.
- 11 Forty years long was I grieved with this
generation, and said, It is a people that do
err in their heart, and they have not |
known · my | ways:
- 12 Unto whom I swear in my wrath, that they
should not | en · ter | into · my | rest.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM XCVI.

- 1 O SING unto the LORD a new song: sing unto the LORD, | all · the | earth.
- 2 Sing unto the LORD, bless his name; shew forth his sal- | -vation · from | day · to | day.
- 3 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders a- | -mong · all | people.
- 4 For the LORD is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be | feared · a- | -bove · all | gods.
- 5 For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the | Lord · made the | heavens.
- 6 Honour and majesty are before him; strength and | beauty · are | in · his | sanctuary.
- 7 Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the LORD | glory · and | strength.
- 8 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and | come · in- | -to · his | courts.
- 9 O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, | all · the | earth.
- 10 Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall | judge · the | peo- · -ple | righteously.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the | fulness · there- | -of.
- 12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood re- | -joice · be- | -fore · the | LORD;
- 13 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge · the | earth:
- 14 He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the | peo- · -ple | with · his | truth.

PSALM XCVII.

- 1 THE LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be | glad · there- | -of.
- 2 Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habi- | -ta- · -tion | of · his | throne.
- 3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies | round · a- | -bout.
- 4 His lightnings enlightened the world; the | earth — | saw, · and | trembled.
- 5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD, at the presence of the LORD of the | whole — | earth.
- 6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the | peo- · -ple | see · his | glory.
- 7 Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols; worship him, | all · ye | gods.
- 8 Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy | judg- · -ments, | O — | LORD.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 9 For thou, LORD, art high above all the earth:
thou art exalted far a- | -bove · all | gods.
- 10 Ye that love the LORD, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the | hand — | of · the | wicked.
- 11 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the | upright · in | heart.
- 12 Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous; and give thanks at the re- | -mem- · -brance | of · his | holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

- 1 O SING unto the LORD a new song: for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten | him · the | victory.
- 2 The LORD hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the | sight — | of · the | heathen.
- 3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the | house · of | Israel:
- 4 All the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | -va- · -tion | of · our | God.
- 5 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and | sing — | praise.
- 6 Sing unto the LORD with the harp; with the harp, and the | voice — | of · a | psalm.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 7 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the | LORD, · the | King.
- 8 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and | they · that | dwell · there- | -in.
- 9 Let the floods clap their hands : let the hills be joyful together be- | -fore · the | LORD ;
- 10 For he cometh to judge the earth : with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the | peo- · -ple | with — | equity.

PSALM XCIX.

- 1 THE LORD reigneth ; let the people tremble : he sitteth between the cherubim ; let the | earth · be | moved.
- 2 The Lord is great in Zion ; and he is | high · a- | -bove · all | people.
- 3 Let them praise thy great and terrible name ; for | it · is | holy.
- 4 Exalt ye the LORD our God, and worship at his | footstool ; · for | he · is | holy.
- 5 Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon his name ; they called upon the LORD, and | he — | an- · -swer'd them.
- 6 He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar : they kept his testimonies, and the | ordi- · -nance | that · he | gave them.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 7 Thou answeredst them, O LORD our God;
thou wast a God that forgavest them,
though thou tookest vengeance of | their
· in- | -ventions.
- 8 Exalt the LORD our God, and worship at his
holy hill; for the | LORD · our | God · is |
holy.

PSALM C.

- 1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the LORD, | all · ye
| lands
- 2 Serve the LORD with gladness: come before
his | pres- · -ence | with — | singing.
- 3 Know ye that the LORD he is God: it is he
that hath made us, and not | we · our- |
-selves;
- 4 We are his people, and the | sheep · of | his
— | pasture.
- 5 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and
into his | courts · with | praise:
- 6 Be thankful unto | him, · and | bless · his |
name.
- 7 For the LORD is good; his mercy is | ev- ·
er- | -lasting;
- 8 And his truth endureth to | all — | gen- ·
-e- | -rations.

PSALM CII.

- 1 My days are like a shadow that declineth;
and I am | withered · like | grass.
- 2 But thou, O LORD, shalt endure for ever;
and thy remembrance unto | all — | gen- ·
-e- | -rations.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 3 Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon
Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the
set | time, · is | come.
- 4 For thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
and | favour · the | dust · there- | -of.
- 5 So the heathen shall fear the name of the
LORD: and all the kings of the | earth ·
thy | glory.
- 6 When the LORD shall build up Zion, he
shall ap- | -pear · in his — | glory.
- 7 He will regard the prayer of the destitute,
and not de- | -spise · their | prayer.
- 8 This shall be written for the generation to
come: and the people which shall be cre- |
-ated · shall | praise · the | LORD.
- 9 For he hath looked down from the height of
his sanctuary; from heaven did the LORD
be- | -hold · the | earth;
- 10 To hear the groaning of the prisoner; to
loose those that | are · ap- | -pointed · to |
death;
- 11 To declare the name of the LORD in Zion,
and his | praise in · Je- | -rusalem;
- 12 When the people are gathered together, and
the | kingdoms, · to | serve · the | LORD.
- 13 He weakened my strength in the way; he |
shortened · my | days.
- 14 I said, O my God, take me not away in the
midst of my days: thy years are through-
out | all — | gen- · -e- | -rations.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 15 Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the
earth: and the heavens are the | work of
· thy | hands.
- 16 They shall perish, but thou shalt endure:
yea, all of them shall wax old like a gar-
ment; as a vesture shalt thou change
them, and | they · shall | be — | changed:
- 17 But thou art the same, and thy years shall |
have · no | end.
- 18 The children of thy servants shall continue,
and their seed shall be es- | -tablish'd ·
be- | -fore — | thee.

PSALM CIII.

- 1 BLESS the LORD, O my soul: and all that is
within me, bless his | ho- · -ly | name.
- 2 Bless the LORD, O my soul, and for- | -get ·
not | all · his | benefits:
- 3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who
healeth | all · thy dis- | -eases;
- 4 Who redeemeth thy | life — | from · de- |
-struction;
- 5 Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness
and | ten- · -der | mercies;
- 6 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
so that thy youth is re- | -new- · -ed | like
the | eagle's.
- 7 The LORD executeth righteousness and judg-
ment for all that | are · op- | -pressed.
- 8 He made known his ways unto Moses, his
acts unto the | chil- · -dren | of — | Israel.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 9 The LORD is merciful and gracious, slow to
anger, and | plenteous · in | mercy.
- 10 He will not always chide; neither will he
keep his | an- · -ger | for — | ever.
- 11 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor
rewarded us according to | our · in- | -iqui-
-ties.
- 12 For as the heaven is high above the earth,
so great is his mercy toward | them · that
| fear — | him.
- 13 As far as the east is from the west, so far
hath he removed our trans- | -gress- ·
-ions | from us.
- 14 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the
LORD pitieth | them · that | fear — | him.
- 15 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth
that | we · are | dust.
- 16 As for man, his days are as grass: as a
flower of the | field — | so · he | flourish-
eth.
- 17 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
and the place thereof shall | know it · no
| more.
- 18 But the mercy of the LORD is from everlas-
ting to everlasting upon them that fear
him, and his righteousness unto children's
children: to such as keep his covenant,
and to those that remember his com- |
-mandments · to | do — | them.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 19 The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth | o-
-ver | all.
- 20 Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the | voice · of | his — | word.
- 21 Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that | do · his | pleasure.
- 22 Bless the LORD, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the | LORD, — | O · my | soul.

PSALM CIV.

- 1 BLESS the LORD, O my soul. O LORD, my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with | honour · and | majesty:
- 2 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the | heavens — | like · a | curtain:
- 3 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the | wings · of the | wind:
- 4 Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a | flam- — | -ing — | fire:
- 5 Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be re- | -mov'd · for | ever.
- 6 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters | stood · a- | -bove · the | mountains.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 7 At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy
thunder they | hasted · a- | -way.
- 8 They go up by the mountains; they go
down by the valleys unto the place which
thou hast | found- · -ed | for — | them.
- 9 Thou hast set a bound that they may not
pass over; that they turn not again to |
cover · the | earth.
- 10 He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
which | run · a- | -mong · the | hills.
- 11 They give drink to every beast of the field:
the wild asses | quench · their | thirst.
- 12 By them shall the fowls of the heaven have
their habitation, which | sing · a- | -mong
· the | branches.
- 13 He watereth the hills from his chambers:
the earth is satisfied with the | fruit of ·
thy | works.
- 14 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
and herb for the service of man: that he
may bring forth | food · out | of · the |
earth:
- 15 And wine that maketh glad the heart of
man, and oil to make his face to shine,
and bread which strengtheneth | man's —
| heart.
- 16 The trees of the LORD are full of sap; the
cedars of Lebanon, which | he — | hath
— | planted;

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 17 Where the birds make their nests : as for the
stork, the fir-trees are | her — | house.
- 18 The high hills are a refuge for the wild
goats; and the | rocks — | for · the |
conies.
- 19 He appointeth the moon for seasons : the sun
knoweth his | go- · -ing | down.
- 20 Thou makest darkness, and it is night :
wherein all the beasts of the | forest · do |
creep — | forth. ·
- 21 The young lions roar after their prey, and
seek their | meat · from | God.
- 22 The sun ariseth, they gather themselves
together, and | lay · them | down in · their
| dens.
- 23 Man goeth forth unto his work and to his
labour un- | -til · the | evening.
- 24 O LORD, how manifold are thy works ! in
wisdom hast thou made them all : the
earth is | full · of | thy — | riches.

PART SECOND.

- 1 O LORD, how manifold are thy works ! in
wisdom hast thou made them all : the
earth is | full of · thy | riches.
- 2 So is this great and wide sea, wherein are
things creeping innumerable, both | small
· and | great — | beasts.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 3 There go the ships : there is that leviathan,
whom thou hast made to | play · there- |
-in.
- 4 These wait all upon thee ; that thou mayest
give them their | meat · in | due — | sea-
son.
- 5 That thou givest them, they gather : thou
openest thine hand, they are | filled · with
| good.
- 6 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled :
thou takest away their breath, they die,
and re- | -turn · to | their — | dust.
- 7 Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are cre-
ated : and thou renewest the | face · of the
| earth.
- 8 The glory of the LORD shall endure for
ever : the LORD shall re- | -joice · in | his —
| works.
- 9 He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth :
he toucheth the | hills, and · they | smoke.
- 10 I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live :
I will sing praise to my | God · while I
| have · my | being.
- 11 My meditation of | him shall · be | sweet :
- 12 I will be | glad — | in · the | LORD.

PSALM CVII.

- 1 O GIVE thanks unto the LORD, for he is good :
for his mercy en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the LORD say so, whom
he hath redeemed from the | hand — | of ·
the | enemy ;

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 3 And gathered them out of the lands, from
the east, and from the west, from the
north, and | from · the | south.
- 4 They wandered in the wilderness in a soli-
tary way; they found no | city · to |
dwell — | in.
- 5 Hungry and thirsty, their soul | faint- · -ed |
in them.
- 6 Then they cried unto the LORD in their
trouble, and he delivered them | out · of |
their · dis- | -tresses.
- 7 And he led them forth by the right way,
that they might go to a city of | hab- · -i-
| -tation.—
- 8 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his
goodness, and for his wonderful works to
the | chil- · -dren | of — | men!
- 9 For he satisfieth the | long- · -ing | soul,
- 10 And filleth the | hun- · -gry | soul · with |
goodness.

SECOND PART.

- 1 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his
goodness, and for his wonderful works to
the | children · of | men!
- 2 And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of
thanksgiving, and declare his | works — |
with · re- | -joicing.
- 3 They that go down to the sea in ships, that
do business in | great — | waters;
- 4 These see the works of the LORD, and his |
won- · -ders | in · the | deep.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy
wind, which lifteth up the | waves · there-
| -of.
- 6 They mount up to the heaven, they go down
again to the depths : their soul is | melted
· be- | -cause · of | trouble.
- 7 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a
drunken man, and are | at their · wit's |
end.
- 8 Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble,
and he bringeth them | out · of | their ·
dis- | -tresses.
- 9 He maketh the storm a calm, so that the
waves there- | -of · are | still.
- 10 Then are they glad because they be quiet ;
so he bringeth them un- | -to · their de- |
-sir- · -ed | haven.
- 11 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his
goodness, and for his wonderful works to
the | children · of | men !
- 12 Let them exalt him also in the congregation
of the people, and praise him in the as- |
-sem- · -bly | of · the | elders.
- 13 He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the
water-springs | into · dry | ground ;
- 14 A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wick-
edness of | them · that | dwell · there- |
-in.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 15 He turneth the wilderness into a standing
water, and dry ground | in- · -to | water-
springs.
- 16 And there he maketh the hungry to dwell,
that they may prepare a | city · for | hab-
· -i- | -tation ;
- 17 And sow the fields, and plant vineyards,
which may yield | fruits · of | increase.
- 18 He blesseth them also, so that they are mul-
tiplied greatly ; and suffereth not their |
cat- · -tle | to · de- | -crease.
- 19 Again they are minished and brought low
through oppression, af- | -fliction, · and |
sorrow.
- 20 He poureth contempt upon princes, and
causeth them to wander in the wilderness,
| where · there | is · no | way.
- 21 Yet setteth he the poor on high from afflic-
tion, and maketh him families | like · a |
flock.
- 22 The righteous shall see it, and rejoice : and
all in- | -iquity · shall | stop · her | mouth.
- 23 Whoso is wise, and will ob- | -serve · these
| things,
- 24 Even they shall understand the loving- |
-kind- · -ness | of · the | LORD.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM CXI.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD. I will praise the LORD
with my whole heart, in the assembly of
the upright, and in the | con- · -gre- | -ga-
tion.
- 2 The works of the LORD are great, sought out
of all | them · that have | pleasure · there-
| -in.
- 3 His work is honourable and glorious : and
his righteousness en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 4 He hath made his wonderful works to be
remembered : the LORD is | gracious · and
| full of · com- | -passion.
- 5 He hath given meat unto them that fear
him : he will ever be mindful | of · his |
covenant.
- 6 He hath shewed his people the power of his
works, that he may give them the | her-
it- · -age | of · the | heathen.
- 7 The works of his hands are verity and judg-
ment ; all his com- | -mandments · are |
sure.
- 8 They stand fast for ever and ever, and are
done in | truth — | and · up- | -rightness.
- 9 He sent redemption unto his people : he hath
commanded his | covenant · for | ever.
- 10 Holy and reverend | is — | his — | name.
- 11 The fear of the LORD is the be- | -ginning ·
of | wisdom.
- 12 A good understanding have all they that do
his commandments : his | praise · en- |
-dureth · for | ever.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALMS CXII AND CXIII.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD. Blessd is the man
that feareth the LORD, that delighteth
greatly in | his · com- | -mandments.
- 2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth : the
generation of the | up- · -right | shall · be |
blessed.
- 3 Wealth and riches shall be in his house :
and his righteousness en- | -dureth · for |
ever.
- 4 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the
darkness : he is gracious, and | full · of
com- | -passion, · and | righteous.
- 5 A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth :
he will guide his af- | -fairs · with dis- |
-cretion.
- 6 Surely he shall not be moved for ever : the
righteous shall be in ever- | -last- · -ing |
re — | memembrance.
- 7 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings : his
heart is fixed, trusting | in · the | LORD.
- 8 His heart is established, he shall not be
afraid, until he see his de- | -sire · up- |
-on · his | enemies.
- 9 He hath dispersed, he hath given to the
poor ; his righteousness en- | -dureth · for
| ever ;
- 10 The wicked shall see it, and be grieved, he
shall gnash with his teeth, and melt
away : the de- | -sire · of the | wicked ·
shall | perish.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 Praise ye the LORD. Praise, O ye servants
of the LORD, praise the | name · of the |
LORD.
- 12 Blessed be the name of the LORD from this
time | forth · and for | ev- · -er- | -more.
- 13 From the rising of the sun unto the going
down of the same the LORD's name is | to
· be | praised.
- 14 The LORD is high above all nations, and his
| glory · a- | -bove · the | heavens.
- 15 Who is like unto the LORD our God, who |
dwelleth · on | high ;
- 16 Who humbleth himself to behold the things
that are in | heaven, · and | in · the |
earth ?
- 17 He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and
lifteth the needy | out of · the | mire ;
- 18 That he may set him with princes, even
with the | prin- · -ces | of · his | people.

PSALM CXV.

- 1 Not unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto
thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and
for | thy · truth's | sake.
- 2 Wherefore should the heathen say, | Where
· is | now · their | God ?
- 3 But our God is in the heavens ; he hath
done whatso- | -ever · he | pleased.
- 4 Their idols are silver and gold, the | work ·
of | men's — | hands.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 They have mouths, but they speak not:
eyes have they, but they | see — | not:
- 6 They have ears, but they hear not: noses
have | they, · but | they · smell | not:
- 7 They have hands, but they handle not:
feet have they, but they walk not: neither
speak they | through · their | throat.
- 8 They that make them are like unto them;
so is every | one · that | trusteth · in |
them.
- 9 O Israel, trust thou in the LORD: he is their
| help and · their | shield.
- 10 O house of Aaron, trust in the LORD: he is
their | help · and | their — | shield.
- 11 Ye that fear the LORD, trust in the LORD: he
is their | help and · their | shield.
- 12 The LORD hath been mindful of us: he will
bless us; he will bless the house of Israel;
he will | bless · the | house · of | Aaron.
- 13 He will bless them that fear the LORD, both
| small · and | great.
- 14 The LORD shall increase you more and more,
| you · and | your — | children.
- 15 Ye are blessed of the LORD which made |
heaven · and | earth.
- 16 The heaven, even the heavens, are the
LORD's: but the earth hath he given to
the | chil- · -dren | of — | men.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 17 The dead praise not the LORD, neither any
that go | down · into | silence.
- 18 But we will bless the LORD from this time
forth and for evermore. | Praise — | the
— | LORD.

PSALM CXVI.

- 1 I LOVE the LORD, because he hath heard my
voice and my | sup- · -pli- | -cations.
- 2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me,
therefore will I call upon him as | long ·
as | I — | live.
- 3 The sorrows of death compassed me, and
the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I
found | trouble · and | sorrow.
- 4 Then called I upon the name of the LORD;
O LORD, I be- | -seech thee, · de- | -liver ·
my | soul.
- 5 Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea,
our | God · is | merciful.
- 6 The LORD preserveth the simple: I was
brought | low, · and he | help- · -ed | me.
- 7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the
LORD hath dealt | bounti- · -fully | with
thee.
- 8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death,
mine eyes from | tears, · and my | feet ·
from | falling.
- 9 I will walk before the LORD in the | land ·
of the | living.
- 10 I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was |
great- · -ly | af- — | -flicted:

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 What shall I render unto the LORD for all
his | benefits · toward | me?
- 12 I will take the cup of salvation, and call
upon the | name — | of · the | LORD.
- 13 I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in
the presence of | all · his | people.
- 14 Precious in the sight of the LORD is the |
death · of | his — | saints.
- 15 O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy
servant, and the son of thy handmaid:
thou hast | loosed · my | bonds.
- 16 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanks-
giving, and will call upon the | name —
| of · the | LORD.
- 17 I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in
the presence of | all · his | people.
- 18 In the courts of the LORD's house, in the
midst of thee, O Jerusalem. | Praise — |
ye · the | LORD.

PSALM CXVIII.

- 1 O GIVE thanks unto the LORD: for he is
good: because his mercy en- | -dureth ·
for | ever.
- 2 Let Israel now say, that his | mercy · en- |
-dureth · for | ever.
- 3 Let the house of Aaron now say, that his
mercy en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 4 Let them now that fear the Lord say, that
his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 Open to me the gates of righteousness: I
will go into them, and I will | praise ·
the | LORD.
- 6 This gate of the LORD, into which the |
right- · -eous | shall — | enter.
- 7 I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me,
and art become | my · sal- | -vation.
- 8 The stone which the builders refused is
become the | head · stone | of · the | cor-
ner.
- 9 This is the LORD's doing; it is marvellous |
in · our | eyes.
- 10 This is the day which the LORD hath made;
we will re- | -joice and · be | glad · in | it.
- 11 Save now, I beseech thee, O LORD: O LORD,
I beseech thee, send | now · pros- | -perity.
- 12 Blessed be he that cometh in the name of
the LORD: we have blessed you out of
the | house — | of · the | LORD.
- 13 God is the LORD, which hath shewed us
light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even
unto the | horns · of the | altar.
- 14 Thou art my God, and I will praise thee:
thou art my God, | I · will ex- | -alt — |
thee.
- 15 O give thanks unto the LORD; for | he · is |
good:
- 16 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.

PSALM CXXI.

- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from
whence | cometh · my | help.
- 2 My help cometh from the LORD, which |
made — | heaven · and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, he
that keepeth thee | will · not | slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither |
slum- · -ber | nor — | sleep.
- 5 The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy
shade upon thy | right — | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the
moon — | by — | night.
- 7 The LORD shall preserve thee from al' evil:
he shall pre- | -serve · thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and
thy coming in from this time forth, and |
even · for | ev- · -er- | -more.

PSALM CXXII.

- 1 I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us
go into the | house · of the | Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Je-
rusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city
that | is · com- | -pact · to- | -gether.
- 3 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the
LORD, unto the testimony of Israel, to give
thanks unto the | name · of the | LORD.
- 4 For there are set thrones of judgment, the |
thrones · of the | house · of | David.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem : they shall |
prosper · that | love thee.
- 6 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity
with- | -in — | thy — | palaces.
- 7 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I
will now say, | Peace · be with- | -in
thee.
- 8 Because of the house of the LORD our God I
will | seek — | thy — | good.

PSALM CXXVI.

- 1 WHEN the LORD turned again the captivity
of Zion, we were like | them · that |
dream.
- 2 Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
and our | tongue — | with — | singing.
- 3 Then said they among the heathen, The LORD
hath done | great things · for | them.
- 4 The LORD hath done great things for us ;
where- | -of — | we · are | glad.
- 5 Turn again our captivity, O LORD, as the |
streams · in the | south.
- 6 They that sow in tears shall | reap — | in
— | joy.
- 7 He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing
precious seed, shall doubtless come a- |
-gain · with re- | -joicing,
- 8 Bringing his | sheaves — | — — | with him.

PSALM CXXXV.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the name of
the LORD; praise him, O ye | servants ·
of the | LORD.
- 2 Ye that stand in the house of the LORD, in
the courts of the | house · of | our — |
God,
- 3 Praise the LORD; for the LORD is good;
sing praises unto his name; for | it · is |
pleasant.
- 4 For the LORD hath chosen Jacob unto him-
self, and Israel for | his · pe- | -cu- · -liar
| treasure.
- 5 For I know that the LORD is great, and that
our LORD is a- | -bove · all | gods.
- 6 Whatsoever the LORD pleased, that did he in
heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and
| all — | deep— | places.
- 7 He causeth the vapours to ascend from the
ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings
for the rain; he bringeth the wind | out
of · his | treasures:
- 8 Who smote the first-born of Egypt, both of |
man — | and — | beast:
- 9 Who sent tokens and wonders into the
midst of thee, O Egypt, upon Pharaoh,
and upon | all · his | servants.
- 10 Who smote great nations, and | slew — |
might- · -y | kings;

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 Sihon king of the Amorites, and Og king of Bashan, and all the | kingdoms · of | Canaan :
- 12 And gave their land for an heritage, an heritage unto | Is- · -rael | his — | people.
- 13 Thy name, O LORD, endureth for ever ; and thy memorial, O LORD, throughout | all · gene- | -rations.
- 14 For the LORD will judge his people, and he will repent himself con- | -cern- · -ing | his — | servants.
- 15 The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the | work of · men's | hands.
- 16 They have mouths, but they speak not ; eyes have they, but | they — | see — | not.
- 17 They have ears, but they hear not ; neither is there any | breath in · their | mouths.
- 18 They that make them are like unto them : so is every | one · that | trusteth · in | them.
- 19 Bless the LORD, O house of Israel : bless the LORD, O | house · of | Aaron ;
- 20 Bless the | LORD, · O | house · of | Levi ;
- 21 Ye that fear the LORD, | bless · the | LORD.
- 22 Blessed be the LORD out of Zion, which dwelleth at Jerusalem. | Praise — | ye · the | LORD.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM CXXXVI.

- 1 O GIVE thanks unto the LORD ; for | he · is |
good :
- 2 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 3 O give thanks unto the | God · of | gods.
- 4 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 5 O give thanks to the | LORD · of | lords :
- 6 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 7 To him who alone | doeth · great | won-
ders :
- 8 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 9 To him that by wisdom | made · the | hea-
vens :
- 10 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 11 To him that stretched out the earth a- |
bove · the | waters :
- 12 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 13 To him that | made · great | lights :
- 14 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 15 The sun to rule by day : the moon and stars
to | rule · by | night.
- 16 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 17 To him that smote Egypt | in · their | first-
born :
- 18 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 19 And brought out Israel | from · a- | -mong
them :
- 20 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 21 With a strong hand, and with a | stretched ·
out | arm :
- 22 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 23 To him which divided the Red | sea · into |
parts :
- 24 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 25 And made Israel to pass through the | midst
· of | it :
- 26 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 27 But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the
| Red — | sea :
- 28 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 29 To him which led his people | through · the
| wilderness :
- 30 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 31 To him which smote great kings : and gave
their land for an heritage : even an her-
itage unto | Israel · his | servant :
- 32 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 33 Who remembered us in our | low · es- |
-tate :
- 34 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 35 And hath redeemed us | from · our | ene-
mies :
- 36 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 37 Who giveth | food to · all | flesh :
- 38 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 39 O give thanks unto the | God · of | heaven :
- 40 For his | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

- 1 I WILL praise thee with my whole heart:
before the gods will I sing | praise · unto |
thee.
- 2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and
praise thy name for thy loving-kindness
and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified
thy word a- | -bove · all | thy — | name.
- 3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst
me, and strengthenedst me, with | strength
in · my | soul.
- 4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee,
O LORD, when they hear the | words · of |
thy — | mouth.
- 5 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the
LORD: for great is the | glory · of the |
LORD.
- 6 Though the LORD be high, yet hath he
respect unto the lowly: but the proud he |
know- · -eth a- | -far — | off.
- 7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou
| wilt · re- | -vive me:
- 8 Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against
the wrath of mine enemies, and thy |
right hand · shall | save — | me.
- 9 The LORD will perfect that which con- |
-cern- · -eth | me:
- 10 Thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever: for-
sake not the | works · of | thine · own |
hands.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM CXXXIX.

- 1 O LORD, thou hast searched | me, · and |
known me.
- 2 Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine
up-rising, thou under- | -standest · my |
thought a- · -far | off.
- 3 Thou compassest my path and my lying
down, and art acquainted with | all · my
| ways.
- 4 For there is not a word in my tongue, but
lo, O LORD, thou | knowest · it | al- · -to- |
-gether.
- 5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and
laid thine | hand · up- | -on me.
- 6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it
is high, I | cannot · at- | -tain · un- | -to it.
- 7 Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or
whither shall I | flee from · thy | pres-
ence?
- 8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there :
if I make my bed in hell, be- | -hold, — |
thou · art | there.
- 9 If I take the wings of the morning, and
dwell in the uttermost | parts · of the | sea;
- 10 Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy
| right hand · shall | hold — | me.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be | light . a- |
-bout me.
- 12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day : the darkness and the light are | both · a- | -like · to |
| thee.
- 13 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God ! how great is the | sum · of |
| them !
- 14 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand ; when I | awake, ·
I am | still · with | thee.
- 15 Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and | know · my | thoughts.
- 16 And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the | way — | ev- · -er- |
-lasting.

PSALM CXLV.

- 1 I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for | ever · and |
ever.
- 2 Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy | name · for | ever · and | ever.
- 3 Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his | greatness · is un- | -searchable.
- 4 One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall de- | -clare · thy |
migh- · -ty | acts.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 5 I will speak of the glorious honour of thy
majesty, and of thy | wond- · -rous |
works.
- 6 And men shall speak of the might of thy
terrible acts: and | I · will de- | -clare ·
thy | greatness.
- 7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of
thy great goodness, and shall | sing of · thy
| righteousness.
- 8 The LORD is gracious, and full of compas-
sion; slow to | anger, · and of | great — |
mercy.
- 9 The LORD is good to all: and his tender
mercies are over | all · his | works.
- 10 All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD;
and thy | saints · shall | bless — | thee.
- 11 They shall speak of the glory of thy king-
dom, and | talk of · thy | power;
- 12 To make known to the sons of men his
mighty acts, and the glorious | majes- ·
-ty | of · his | kingdom.
- 13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
and thy dominion endureth throughout
| all · gene- | -rations.
- 14 The LORD upholdeth all that fall, and rais-
eth up all | those · that | be · bowed |
down.
- 15 The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou
givest them their | meat in · due | season.
- 16 Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the
desire of | eve- · -ry | liv- · ing | thing.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 17 The LORD is righteous in all his ways, and
holy in | all · his | works.
- 18 The LORD is nigh unto all them that call
upon him, to all that | call up- · -on | him
· in | truth.
- 19 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear
him: he also will hear their cry, and will
| save — | them.
- 20 The LORD preserveth all them that love
him: but all the | wicked · will | he · de- |
-stroy.
- 21 My mouth shall speak the | praise · of the |
LORD:
- 22 And let all flesh bless his holy | name · for |
ever · and | ever.

PSALM CXLVI.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise the LORD, | O ·
my | soul.
- 2 While I live will I praise the LORD: I will
sing praises unto my God while | I · have
| an- · -y | being.
- 3 Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son
of man, in whom there | is · no | help.
- 4 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his
earth; in that very | day · his | thoughts
| perish.
- 5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for
his help, whose hope is in the | LORD · his
| God:
- 6 Which made heaven, and earth, the sea,
and all that therein is: which keepeth |
truth — | for — | ever:

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 7 Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry.
The LORD | looseth · the | prisoners:
- 8 The LORD openeth the eyes of the blind; the LORD raiseth them that are bowed down: the | LORD — | loveth · the | righteous:
- 9 The LORD preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked he | turneth · upside | down.
- 10 The LORD shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. | Praise — | ye · the | LORD.

PSALM CXLVII.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and | praise · is | comely.
- 2 The LORD doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth to- | -gether · the | outcasts · of | Israel.
- 3 He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth | up · their | wounds.
- 4 He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them | all— | by · their | names.
- 5 Great is our Lord, and of great power: his under- | -standing · is | infinite.
- 6 The LORD lifteth up the meek: he casteth the | wicked · down | to · the | ground.
- 7 Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp un- | -to · our | God:
- 8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth | rain — | for · the | earth.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

- 9 Who maketh grass to grow up- | -on · the |
mountains.
- 10 He giveth to the beast his food, and to the |
young — | ravens · which | cry.
- 11 The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear
him, in those that | hope in · his | mercy.
- 12 Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem; | praise · thy
| God, · O | Zion.
- 13 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy
gates; he hath blessed thy | children ·
with- | -in thee.
- 14 He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth
thee with the | fin- · -est | of · the | wheat.
- 15 He sendeth forth his commandment upon
earth: his word | runneth · very | swiftly.
- 16 He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the
| hoar- · -frost | like — | ashes.
- 17 He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who
can stand be- | -fore · his | cold?
- 18 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
he causeth his wind to blow, and the |
wa- — | -ters — | flow.
- 19 He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes
and his judgments | un- · -to | Israel.
- 20 He hath not dealt so with any nation: and
as for his judgments, they have not known
them. | Praise — | ye · the | LORD.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM CXLVIII.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD
from the heavens: praise him | in · the |
heights.
- 2 Praise ye him, all his angels: praise | ye ·
him, | all · his | hosts.
- 3 Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him,
all ye | stars · of | light.
- 4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye
waters that | be · a- | -bove · the | heavens.
- 5 Let them praise the name of the LORD: for
he commanded, and | they were · cre- |
-ated.
- 6 He hath also established them for ever and
ever: he hath made a de- | -cree · which
| shall · not | pass.
- 7 Praise the LORD from the earth, ye dragons
and | all — | deeps:
- 8 Fire, and hail; snow, and vapours: stormy
| wind · ful- | -filling · his | word:
- 9 Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and |
all — | cedars:
- 10 Beasts, and all cattle: creeping | things, ·
and | fly- · -ing | fowl:
- 11 Kings of the earth, and all people; princes,
and all judges | of · the | earth:
- 12 Both young men, and maidens; | old · men,
| and — | children:
- 13 Let them praise the | name · of the LORD:
for his name a- | -lone · is | excellent.
- 14 His glory is a- | -bove · the | earth · and |
heaven.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.

PSALM CL.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise God in his
sanctuary : praise him in the firmament |
of · his | power.
- 2 Praise him for his mighty acts : praise him
according | to · his | excel- · -lent | great-
ness.
- 3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet :
praise him with the | psaltery · and |
harp.
- 4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance :
praise him with | stringed · instru- |
-ments · and | organs.
- 5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals : praise
him upon the | high- · -sounding | cym-
bals.
- 6 Let every thing that hath breath praise the
LORD. | Praise — | ye · the | LORD.

H Y M N S.

HOMAGE, WORSHIP, AND PRAISE.

HOMAGE.

1. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

2. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Glory to God in the Highest."

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Borne upon our latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise our powers employ.

3. L. M. ROSCOE.

Song of Adoration.

- 1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties, combined,
Thy just commands, O God! fulfil.
- 4 O! may the solemn breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

4. S. M. COWPER.

Dependence on God.

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

- 5 In God is all our store,
 Grace issues from his throne;
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

5. L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

Praise and Holiness.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love;
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express?—
 Not only vast, but numberless!
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy judgments never stray;
 Who know what's right, nor only so,
 But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
 When thou return'st to set them free,
 Let thy salvation visit me.

6. 7s. M. SANDYS.

Harmony of Praise.

- 1 THOU, who dwell'st enthroned above!
 Thou, in whom we live and move!
 Thou, who art most great, most high!
 God from all eternity!

- 2 O how sweet, how excellent
 'Tis when tongues and hearts consent,
 Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
 Hymning thee in tuneful songs!
- 3 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the stars of evening rise,
 We thy praises will record,
 Sovereign Ruler! Mighty Lord!
- 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
 Harvests rich doth autumn yield?
 Giver of all good below!
 Lord, from thee these blessings flow.
- 5 Sovereign Ruler! Mighty Lord!
 We thy praises will record;
 Giver of all blessings! we
 Pour the grateful song to thee.

7. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Solemn Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King!
 Help us thy name to sing;
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, thou all gracious Lord!
 By heaven and earth adored,
 Our prayer attend!
 Come, and thy children bless;
 Give thy good word success;
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend!

3 Never from us depart ;
 Rule thou in every heart,
 Hence, evermore !
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

8. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Praise ye the Lord." Ps. 148.

- 1 HERALDS of creation ! cry :
 Praise the Lord, the Lord most high ;
 Heaven and earth ! obey the call ;
 Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
 For he spake, and forth from night,
 Sprang the universe to light ;
 He commanded :—nature heard,
 And stood fast upon his word.
- 2 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
 Spirits perfected in love !
 Sun and moon, your voices raise ;
 Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.
 Earth, from all thy depths below,
 Ocean's hallelujahs flow !
 Lightning, vapour, wind and storm,
 Hail and snow, his will perform !
- 3 Vales and mountains, burst in song ;
 Rivers, roll with praise along !
 Birds, on wings of rapture soar,
 Warble at his temple door !
 High above all height his throne ;
 Excellent his name alone !
 Him let all his works confess,
 Him let every being bless !

9. C. M. J. TAYLOR.*Dependence on God.*

- 1 FATHER divine ! before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No act escape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;
Our childhood was thy care ;
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme !
O, still our wants supply !
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die.

10. L. M. DODDRIDGE.*Faith Encouraged.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O, may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known !
- 2 Let great Jehovah be adored,
The eternal, all-sufficient Lord ;
He, through the world, Most High confessed,
By whom 't was formed, and is possessed.

- 3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abram, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,—
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name?
The same his power, his love the same.
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise;
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

11. H. M. WATTS.

Love of God in Nature and in the Gospel.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his grace adored:
His power and grace And let his name
Are still the same; Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone:
Thy mercy, Lord, And ever sure
Shall still endure; Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son

To save us from our woe,
From darkness, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe :

His power and grace And let his name
Are still the same ; Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King ;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing :

Thy mercy, Lord, And ever sure
Shall still endure ; Abides thy word.

12. L. M. HEBER.

The Worship of Earth and Heaven.

- 1 Hosanna ! Lord, thine angels cry :
Hosanna ! Lord, we hear reply :
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
- 2 O Father ! with protecting care
Meet us in this, thy house of prayer ;
Assembled in Messiah's name,
Thy promised blessing here we claim.
- 3 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal ! let thy spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.
- 4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

13. C. M. PATRICK.

Te Deum.

- 1 O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou,—Eternal Father,—art
Of boundless majesty.

14. L. M. PIERPONT.

Universal Worship.

- 1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell :
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son,
Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.
- 5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

15. **7s. M.** WALKER'S COL.

Praise to God.

- 1 GLORY to our God on high !
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Lift your voice, ye people all !
Praise the God on whom you call.
- 2 God, whose wisdom throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky ;
And the orbs that gild the pole
Bade through boundless ether roll.
- 3 God, who o'er this earthly ball
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing which lives,
Rich supplies of blessings gives.

- 4 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine;
Emulate the heavenly powers;
Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 5 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him let all our hearts adore;
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
Glory to our God on high.

16. L. M. SCOTT.

"Ask, and ye shall receive."

- 1 OUR Father, throned above the sky!
To thee our empty hands we spread;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name,
By thee ordained, we now draw near,
And would the promised blessing claim.
- 3 Doth not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famished son?
Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone?
- 4 Our heavenly Father, how much more
Will thy divine compassion rise,
And open thine unbounded store
To satisfy thy children's cries!
- 5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience to thy seat,
Still hoping, waiting, for success,
If persevering to entreat.

- 6 For Jesus, in his faithful word,
The patient supplicant hath blessed ;
And all thy saints, with one accord,
The prevalence of prayer attest.

17. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

Preparation for Worship.

- 1 LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear ;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels ;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares :
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

18. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Holiness becometh thine house."

- 1 THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high,
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.
- 2 He proves the righteous, marks their path ;
In him the weak are strong ;
But violence provokes his wrath :
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

- 3 The righteous Lord will take delight
 Alone in righteousness;
 The just are pleasing in his sight,
 The humble he will bless.

19. S. M. WATTS.

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul."

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And gives thee strength again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave:
 He that redeems thy soul from death,
 Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good:
 He gives the sufferers rest:
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

20. S. M. WATTS.

Preserving Grace.

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

21. 7s. M. OLNEY HYMNS.

Supplication.

- 1 COME, my soul ! thy suit prepare;
God delights to answer prayer :
Thou art coming to thy king ;
Large petitions with thee bring.

- 2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sacred right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guard, my guide and friend,
To my earthly journey's end.

22. C. M. CARLISLE.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

- 1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise;
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

23. S. M. WATTS.*Worship. Ps. 95.*

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

24. C. M. JERVIS.*Devout Homage.*

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to thee
 Our filial duty pay :
 Thy service, unconstrained and free,
 Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
 With trust and holy fear,
 Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
 And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing ;
 Nor from thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring.

25. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to our Creator. Ps. 100.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

26. L. M. 6 l. WATTS.

Praise for God's Goodness and Truth. Ps. 146.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die, and turn to dust :
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure :
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

27. 7s. M. BOWRING.*Lowly Worship.*

- 1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
Fill'd with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God! to feel
All thy sacred presence near.
- 2 Check each proud and wand'ring thought
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought—is less than nought:
Thou, our God, art all in all.
- 3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to thee,
'Midst thy light ineffable.
- 4 O, receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our off'rings, hear our pray'rs,
Infinite and Holy One!

28. L. M. TATE AND BRADY.*Public Worship. Ps. 95.*

- 1 O, COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

- 3 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 4 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his ;
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.
- 5 O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

29. C. M. BROWNE.

Acceptable Worship.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne ?
Oh ! how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone ?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend ?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my Friend ?
- 3 O no, my soul ! 't were fruitless all ;
Such offerings are vain :
No fatlings from the field or stall
His favour can obtain.
- 4 To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give ;
To God with humble rev'rence bow,
And to his glory live.

5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
 He never will despise;
 And cheerful duty he'll prefer
 To costly sacrifice.

30. L. M. WATTS.

"How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

- 1 GREAT GOD! attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs;
 To spend one day with thee, on earth,
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace,
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our Sun—he makes our day;
 God is our Shield—he guards our way;
 All needful grace he will bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too.
- 4 O God! our king, whose sovereign sway
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
 Thy willing servants may we be,
 For blest are they who trust in thee.

31. C. M. WATTS.

Seeking after God. Ps. 63.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

32. L. M. WATTS.

"Serve the Lord with Fear, and Rejoice with Trembling."

- 1 ETERNAL POWER! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God!
Exalted far above the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thy throne is in the dazzling blaze
Where angels tremble as they gaze;
And through the heaven, thy praise is sung
By the rapt seraph's burning tongue.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
Lo! from the dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And children learned to lisp thy name;
But the full glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

33. C. M. RIPPON'S COL.

"Hallowed be Thy name."

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

34. S. M. WATTS.

The Holiness of God. Ps. 99.

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

35. 7s. M. CONDER.

"Praise the Lord."

- 1 HALLELUJAH! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise:
All his servants, join to sing,
God, our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore!
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 3 O'er all nations God alone,—
Higher than the heavens his throne,—
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?
- 4 Yet to view the heavens he bends:
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Raising up the poor to stand
With the princes of the land.
- 5 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name,—for ever praise,

36. C. M. WATTS.*The Delights of Worship. Ps. 84.*

- 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.
- 4 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode:
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

37. 7s. M. SALISBURY COLL.*Song of Adoration.*

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord! thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

- 3 There no tongue shall silent be ;
 All shall join in harmony ;
 And through heaven's all-spacious round
 Praise to thee shall ever sound.
- 4 Lord ! thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be thy glorious name adored.

38. 7s. M. MILTON.

Cheerful Praise. Ps. 136.

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He, with all-commanding might,
 Filled the new-made world with light,
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless,
 In the wasteful wilderness ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 All things living he doth feed,
 His full hand supplies their need ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

39. C. M. BOWRING.

The Worship of the Heart.

- 1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.
- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute—but the vow sincere—
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee ;
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.
- 4 O may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love ;
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

40. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

The Divine Glories celebrated.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

- 2 Favoured mortals ! raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong ;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Mark the wonders of his hand !
Power, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 4 Awful Being ! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down ;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

41. C. M. BRYANT.

Invoking Compassion and Grace.

- 1 O God ! whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook,
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look ;—
- 2 For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Lord, aid us with thy heavenly grace
Our truest bliss to find ;
In mercy view our erring race,
So feeble and so blind.

42. C. P. M. OGILVIE.

Universal Praise. Ps. 148.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey
And praise the Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise
To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
To join the thunder of the skies;
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 3 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring;
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.
- 4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the thinking head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around
Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

WORSHIP.

43. C. M. EDMESTON.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!
- 3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease:
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul!
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

44. S. M. BULFINCH.

The Sabbath.

- 1 HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in thy sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

- 3 But thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod,
 Nor only is the day thine own,
 When crowds adore their God.
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
 Of yon unmeasured sky,
 Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
 Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord! may a holier day
 Dawn on thy servants' sight;
 And grant us in thy courts to pray
 Of pure, unclouded light.

45. L. M. STENNETT.

Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 ANOTHER six-days' work is done :
 Another Sabbath is begun :
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day which God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense, to the skies,
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
 Which none but he that feels it knows!
- 3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day—
 In holy pleasures—pass away :
 How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

46. L. M. 6 l. EPISCOPAL COL.

“Remember that thou keep holy, the Sabbath Day.”

- 1 GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers :
With joy, we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours ;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore :
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art, intrude no more :
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above.
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy words, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be thine ;
Our souls shall then adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

47. C. M. WATTS.

Sabbath Morning Worship.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the chosen day
Salutes thy waking eyes !
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Day unto day his name repeats ;
The night renews the sound,
Through all the heaven on which he sits
And rolls the seasons round.

- 3 And we will magnify his name,
 Our tongue shall speak his praise,
 Whose hand sustains our mortal frame
 Through all our passing days.
- 4 My God! may every hour be thine,
 Till all our days are past;
 So shall our sun in peace decline,
 And set in smiles at last.

48. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Sabbath of Earth and Heaven.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this thy day, in this thy house;
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy churches rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With earnest hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues:
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O, long-expected day, begin;
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

49. C. M. CODMAN'S COL.*The Blessing of the Sabbath.*

- 1 BLEST day of God ! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;
His rising thee did raise ;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.
- 4 This day I must to God appear ;
For, Lord, the day is thine ;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

50. L. M. HANCOX.*The Lord's Day.*

- 1 How welcome thy returning beams,
Thou fairest morn of all the seven !
Those wake to toil, and earthly schemes ;
Thou to repose, and thoughts of heaven.
- 2 Come, let us join the goodly throng,
And pay to God our early vow,
Repeat his praise in cheerful song,
And at his footstool humbly bow.

- 3 He hath revealed a blest abode,
 In gospel-lines divinely fair;
 Come, let us seek the heavenly road,
 That we may not be strangers there.
- 4 Then we may trust our Father's love,
 That when we've passed these days of care,
 Trained for his blissful courts above,
 An endless Sabbath we shall share.

51. C. M. MILTON.

"The Lord God is a Sun and Shield." Ps. 84.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of hosts, how dear
 The pleasant tabernacles are,
 Where thou dost dwell so near!
- 2 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise,
 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways.
- 3 They pass through sorrow's thirsty vale,
 That dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful, wat'ry dale,
 Where springs and showers abound.
- 4 They journey on from strength to strength,
 With joy and gladsome cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Zion do appear.
- 5 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
 Gives grace and glory bright;
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.

52. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD, ALT.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

- 1 O FATHER ! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here,—
All shall be thine to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.
- 3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

53. L. M. WATTS.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day. Ps. 92.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word;
 His works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep his counsels, how divine!
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired or hoped below,
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

54. S. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

"The Church of the Living God."

- 1 I LOVE thy Church, O God!
 Her walls before thee stand
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend:
 To her my toils and cares be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Jesus! thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

55. C. P. M. MERRICK.*The Sabbath and the Earthly Temple.*

- 1 **THE** Sabbath morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.
- 2 With holy joy I hail the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away;
What transports fill my breast!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!
- 3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

56. C. M. WATTS.*The Lord's Day. Ps. 118.*

- 1 **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

- 3 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace,—
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise,
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

57. L. M. LAMPORT.

"I will go to the Altar of God."

- 1 If, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high commands,
Let me to that blest place repair,
That I may learn my duty there.
- 2 If, in the ailments of the soul,
There be a power that makes it whole,
Let me to that pure fount apply,
Lest the neglected spirit die.
- 3 If there be still a sacrifice,
That may to God with favour rise,
Let me present a contrite heart,
Ere from this temple I depart.
- 4 If, in the dread of death's dark hour,
The word of life hath soothing power,
To hear that word, my spirit, haste,
Ere yet the pains of death I taste.
- 5 Where God would have the off'ring made,
There be the willing tribute paid,
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.

58. H. M. HAYWARD.

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
 Sweet day of sacred rest ;
 I hail thy kind return,
 Lord, make these moments blest :
 From the low train of mortal toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace ;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face ;
 Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours :
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

59. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Resurrection on the First Day of the Week.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray ;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that, which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom !
 O what a sun, which broke, this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb !

- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

60. L. M. WATTS.

The Pleasure of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints, who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their Strength; and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join the nobler worship there.

61. S. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.*The Delights of the Sabbath.*

- 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

62. L. M. WATTS.*The Peace and Comfort of Worship.*

- 1 AWAY from every mortal care—
From this world's worthless joys afar—
Away from earth our souls retreat,
And wait and worship near thy feet.
- 2 Within the temple of thy grace
We bow before our Father's face;
Thy grace and glory we adore,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

- 3 Here, when our spirit faints and dies,
And tears are starting to our eyes,
The sun of mercy upward springs,
With healing beams beneath his wings.
- 4 Father ! our souls would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if our feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in our heart.

63. S. M. WATTS.

The Temples of Christian Worship.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God !
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honours of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.
- 3 A refuge in distress,
To Zion God is known ;
How bright through all her palaces
Hath his salvation shone !
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
We 'll to his house repair ;
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

64. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"The Seven Stars are the Seven Churches."

- 1 WE bless the Eternal Source of light,
Who made the stars to shine,
And through this dark and clouded world
Diffused the light divine.
- 2 We bless the churches' sovereign King;
His golden lamps they are;
Fixed in the temples of his love,
To shine in radiance there.
- 3 Long be their purity preserved,
Long fed with oil their flame;
And deep in every heart inscribed
Their heavenly Master's name.

65. H. M. WATTS.

The House of God.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode With warm desires
My heart aspires, To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints, To rise and dwell
With equal zeal, Among thy saints.

- 3 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still, That love the way
 And happy they To Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat, Shall thither bring
 When God our King Our willing feet!

66. L. M. COWPER.

Spiritual Worship.

- 1 O LORD! where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

67. L. M. C. ROBBINS.

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

- 1 WHILE thus thy throne of grace we seek,
O God, within our spirits speak !
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.
- 2 Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move ;
We long to hear no meaner call,
But feel that Thou art all in all.
- 3 To conscience speak thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred :
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.
- 4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart :
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.
- 5 Speak to convince, forgive, console :
Child-like we yield to thy control :
These hearts, too often closed before,
Would grieve thy patient love no more.

68. S. M. E. TAYLOR.

Invitations to Worship.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come ;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.

- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call;
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

69. S. M. FURNESS.

"My soul thirsteth for God."

- 1 HERE in a world of doubt,
A sorrowful abode,
O, how my heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God!
- 2 As for the water-brooks,
The hart, expiring, pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
Yea, for his presence faints.

- 3 I know thy joys, O earth,
The sweetness of thy cup;
Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
And trusted in thy hope.
- 4 But, ah, how woes and fears
Those hollow joys succeed!
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,
That hope is but a reed.
- 5 What have I then below,
Or what but thee on high?
Thee, thee, O Father, would I know,
And in thee live and die!

70. 8 & 7s. M. PERCY ST. COL.

For a Blessing on the Truth preached.

- 1 PRAISE to Him by whose kind favour,
Heavenly truth has reached our ears;
May its sweet reviving savour
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
- 2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
In the day of thy appearing,
May we share thy people's part.
- 4 Till we leave this world forever,
May we live beneath thine eye;
This our aim, our sole endeavour,
Thine to live, and thine to die.

71. C. M. STERNHOLD.

After a Storm. Ps. 18.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he as Sovereign Lord and King
For evermore shall reign.

72. L. M. SALISBURY COL.

"The Lord is in his Holy Temple."

- 1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

73. H. M. ROMAN BREVIARY.*For a Blessing on Worship.*

1 HERE, gracious God ! do thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh :
In copious shower, on all who pray,
This holy day, thy blessings pour.

2 Here may we find from heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore :
Until that day, when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

74. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.*The Worship of the Heart.*

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay ?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes, and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare :
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

75. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

For the Evening of Communion Sabbath.

- 1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great, decisive day,
Which from the bounds of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day, more awful, dawns,
And lo! the Judge appears!
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.
- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,
Of precious life remain;
Awake, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng;
For this the board surround;
There may our service be approved,
And with thy presence crowned.

76. 7s. M. SALISBURY COLL.

Closing Supplication.

- 1 GLORIOUS in thy saints appear:
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Shine in each believing heart,
Light and life to all impart.
- 2 Then, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet;
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners of the saints in light.

77. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

"The Day-Spring from on high hath visited us."

- 1 ON us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored;
- 2 And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness, sin, and death,
And grief shall flee away.

78. 7s. M. PEABODY'S COLL.

Closing Supplication.

- 1 FATHER! bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful may it prove;
O, may sinners hear thy call,
May thy people grow in love.
- 2 Father! bid the world rejoice;
Send thy heavenly truth abroad;
May the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it, and return to God.

79. C. M. BP. HEBER.

"The Seed is the Word of God."

- 1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from
heaven,
Is planted in our breast.

- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
 And plunderers of the air;
 The sultry sun's intenser heat,
 And weeds of worldly care!
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
 Do thou thy grace supply:
 The hope in earthly furrows sown
 Shall ripen in the sky.

80. 8s. & 7s. M. C. ROBBINS.

Close of Worship. Evening.

- 1 Lo! the day of rest declineth;
 Gather fast the shades of night—
 May the Sun that ever shineth,
 Fill our souls with heavenly light.
- 2 Softly now the dew is falling;
 Peace o'er all the scene is spread;—
 On his children, meekly calling,
 Purer influence God will shed.
- 3 While thine ear of love addressing,
 Thus our parting hymn we sing,
 Father, give thine evening blessing;
 Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

81. C. M. KIPPIS'S COLL.

Close of the Evening Worship.

- 1 Soon will our fleeting hours be past;
 And, as the setting sun
 Sinks downward in the radiant west,
 Our parting beams be gone.

- 2 May He, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend,
Uniting all in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end;
- 3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve,
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

82. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Close of the Service.

- 1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give.
- 2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our blest employ,
Till life's extremest hour.

83. L. M. HEBER.

Close of the Service.

- 1 LORD! now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.
- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing thy love.

84. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Close of Worship. Evening.

- 1 WHILE now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.
- 2 Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine, like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joy beyond the skies.

85. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sunday Evening.

- 1 MILLIONS within thy courts have been;
Millions this day have bent the knee;
But thou, soul-searching God! hast seen
The hearts of all that worshipped thee.
- 2 Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.
- 3 From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

- 5 Yet one prayer more ;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord :
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son ;
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord !

86. L. M. ANON.

Close of Worship. Evening.

- 1 ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.
- 2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.
- 3 Oh ! may the influence of this day,
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

87. P. M. CONDER.

Peace with God.

To ALL thy faithful people, Lord,
Pardon and peace impart :
And be thy spirit shed abroad,
Thy love in every heart :
That they, from conscious guilt made clean,
May serve thee with a mind serene.

93. C. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through every land,
Proclaim his praise abroad:
Forever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

94. C. M. VAUGHAN.

Universal Praise.

- 1 O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fulness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.
- 2 His love is great—his mercy sure,
And faithful in his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord!

95. 7s. M. MERRICK.

Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's name reply.

- 2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In His praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the Name Divine!

96. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

97. C. M. EXETER COLL.

For a Blessing on the Word.

- 1 THY gracious aid, great God, impart,
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on the heart,
And deep its truths impress.
- 2 O, speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die!

98. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Closing Thanksgiving.

- 1 THANKS for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

- 2 Bless thy word to young and old;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love,
And when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thy house above.

99. L. M. MORAVIAN.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 THY name be hallowed evermore;
O God! thy kingdom come with power!
Thy will be done, and day by day,
Give us our daily bread, we pray:
- 2 Lord! evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven;
Water of life on us bestow,
Thou art the Source, the Fountain thou.

100. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Memory of the Past.

- 1 How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.
- 2 So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

101. 8 & 7s. M. ESTLIN.

Reliance for the Future.

- 1 GRACIOUS Source of every blessing!
Guard our breasts from anxious fears;
May we still thy love possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.

- 2 All our hopes on thee reclining,
 Peace companion of our way;
 May our sun, in smiles declining,
 Rise in everlasting day.

102. 8 & 7s. M. TOPLADY'S COLL.

Dismission.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Let us each, thy peace possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound.

103. L. M. BUTCHER.

Doxology.

IMMORTAL praise to God be given
 By all on earth, and all in heaven;
 The First, the Last, who reigns alone,
 And fills an undivided throne.

104. C. M. ESTLIN.

Doxology.

- 1 THOU art the First—and thou the Last;
 Time centres all in thee:
 The Almighty God who was, and is,
 And evermore shall be.

105, 106. CONCLUDING HYMNS.

- 2 To thee let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

105. 8 & 7s. M. CALAMY.

Closing Prayer.

- 1 LORD of nature, Source of light,
View in love thy world below;
Guide our erring footsteps right,
Through these scenes of guilt and woe.
- 2 Grant thy Spirit! By thy kindness
Let our errors be forgiven;
Heal our sins, dispel our blindness;
Then, conduct us safe to heaven.

106. 8 & 7s. M. J. NEWTON.

Benediction.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

107. **7s. M.** J. NEWTON.*Benediction.*

- 1 Now may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

6*

WORSHIP.

MORNING AND EVENING.

108. P. M. H. WARE, JR.*Prayer at Morning or Evening.*

- 1 To PRAYER, to prayer ! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smiles awakes ;
His light is on all below and above—
The light of gladness, and life, and love :
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.
- 2 To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where his children repose ;
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian
of night.

109. L. M. KEBLE.*Morning Hymn.*

- 1 OH ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleams of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

110. L. M. WATTS.*Morning Hymn.*

- 1 God of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:
- 2 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

111. C. M. WATTS.

Morning Psalm.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness !
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.
- 5 The men, who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

112. L. M. BP. KENN.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem ;
Each present day, thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

113. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 LORD of my life ! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours !
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 When sleep death's semblance o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

- 4 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

114. L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

115. C. M. WATTS.*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 DREAD Sovereign ! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Permit the offerings of my tongue
To reach thee in the skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand is still my guard ;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stands prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
My daily path surround ;
But oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 And now, my soul, the closing day
Is fading on thine eyes ;
Once more the evening tribute pay,
To Him who rules the skies.

116. L. M. WATTS.*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days :
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
Thy loving kindness in my heart.
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to burst my tomb
With sweet salvation in the sound.

117. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Evening Admonition. Jeremiah 13 : 16.

- 1 THE swift, declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals! mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling, vigorous youth
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.

- 5 Give glory to the Lord
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break,
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

118. L. M. COLLYER.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone!
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise,
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone!
Swept from the records of the year;
And still, with every setting sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone!
But soon a fairer shall arise;—
A day, whose never setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone!
In solemn silence rest, my soul,
And bow before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

119. P. M. BP. HEBER.*Evening Aspiration.*

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night !
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumbers sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

120. L. M. BP. KENN.*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave, as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him, ye angels round his throne,
Praise God, the high and holy One.

121. C. M. BOWRING.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn;
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.
- 2 Nature—a temple worthy thee,
That beams with light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar:—
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Her earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits;
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

- 4 On all thou smil'st; and what is man
 Before thy presence, God?
 A breath but yesterday inspired,
 To-morrow but a clod.
 That clod shall mingle in the vale,
 But, kindled, Lord, by thee,
 The spirit to thy arms shall spring,
 To life, to liberty.

122. L. M. WATTS.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies, from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

123. L. M. BOWRING.

"He giveth his Beloved Sleep."

- 1 REVIVING sleep! thy sheltering wing
 Is o'er the couch of labour spread;
 Sweet minister, unearthly thing,
 That hovers round the tried one's head.

- 2 As calm and cold as mortal clay,
When life is fled, earth soundly sleeps,
When evening veils the eye of day,
And darkness rules the ocean deeps.
- 3 O, then, thy spirit, Lord, anew
Enkindles strength in sleeping men;
It falls as falls the evening dew,
And life's sad waste repairs again.
- 4 Be nature's gentle slumbers mine,
And lead me gently to the last,
Until I hear thy voice divine,
"Awake! for death's dark night is passed."

124. L. M. BOWRING.

Evening Worship.

- 1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light?
How, all thy boundless love declare?
Though earth is veiled in shades of night,
The heaven is open to our prayer,—
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns,—
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
There the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.
- 2 We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space;
O, how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity!
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity!

- 3 But thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering, high domain;
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain.
Help us to praise thee, Lord of light,
Help us thy boundless love declare,
And while we seek thy face to-night
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

125. L. M. 6 l. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Prayer for Daily Guidance.

- 1 As every day, thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest:
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done—
Father, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

126. 7s. M. BOWRING.

God in all things.

- 1 FATHER ! Thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide ;
Every hallow'd wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied ;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by ;
Every hope thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray ;
Every moon that shines serene ;
Every morn that welcomes day ;
Every evening's twilight scene ;
Every hour which wisdom brings ;
Every incense at thy shrine ;
These—and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest—all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise,
Daily to thy gracious throne :
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied—righteous One !
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fix'd and cheer'd, and counsell'd there.

PRAISE.

THE ATTRIBUTES, PERFECTIONS, AND PROVIDENCE OF
GOD.**127. C. M. 6 l. CONDER.***Where is God?*

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh.
- 2 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control:
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is every where?
- 3 O, not in circling depth, or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creatures blest.

128. L. M. MRS. STEELE.*God Revealed in Nature.*

- 1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 For man and beast here daily food
In wide, diffusive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding gently flows.
- 4 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 5 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

129. L. M. G. DYER.

Hymn to the Deity.

- 1 GREATEST of Beings! Source of life!
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.
- 2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptured worlds look up and praise.
- 3 The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.

- 4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 5 But man was formed to rise to heaven ;
And, blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.
- 6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

130. 6s. M. DRUMMOND.

Unity of God.

- 1 THE GOD who reigns alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honours high.
- 2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
The exhaustless Source of love,
The great Creator know.
- 3 He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind ;
Then only He may claim
The worship of mankind.
- 4 So taught his only Son,
Blessed messenger of grace !
The Eternal is but one,
No second holds his place.

131. L. M. C. WESLEY.

"Holiness to the Lord."

- 1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none !
Thy holiness is all thine own ;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.
- 2 Sole, self-existent God and Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored !
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.

132. L. M. BROWNE.

The only Living and True God.

- 1 ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown ;
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within thyself possessed :
Controlled by none are thy commands ;
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs ;
Worship to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.
- 4 Lord, spread thy name thro' heathen lands ;
Their idle deities dethrone ;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

133. C. M. DRENNAN.

"God is a Spirit."

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

134. L. M. FERGUS.

"Thus the Heavens and the Earth were created."

- 1 THE Spirit moved upon the waves
That darkly rolled, a shoreless sea ;
He spake the word, and light burst forth,
A glorious, bright immensity.
- 2 At his command, the mountains heaved
Their rocky pinnacles on high,
Island and continent displayed
Their desert grandeur to the sky.
- 3 The voice of God was heard again,
And lovely flowers and graceful trees
Appeared on every vale and plain,
And perfumes floated on the breeze.

- 4 The word went forth, and vast and high
The heavenly orbs gave out their light,
O'er all the earth and sea and sky ;
The rulers of the day and night.
- 5 Glory to God, the angels sang,
With harps of gold, and tongues of flame :
And all the heavenly arches rang,
Reëchoing with the awful theme.

135. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"The Earth is full of the Goodness of the Lord."

- 1 God in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres ;
But in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens,—the mountains stand
A high-way for their God ;
He walks amidst the desert land,
—'T is Eden where he trod.
- 3 The forests in his strength rejoice :
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.
- 4 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.
- 5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

136, 137. MAJESTY AND LOVE OF GOD.

6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

136. H. M. WATTS.

Majesty and Sovereignty of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine No mortal eye
With beams so bright, Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, And seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory, condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, Join all my powers
I love his word; And praise the Lord.

137. 8 & 7s. M. BOWRING.

"God is Love."

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the paths in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love,

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

138. C. M. GIBBONS.

Goodness of God.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore!
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

- 5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might live in heaven.

139. C. M. LUTHERAN COLL.

Goodness of God in his Works.

- 1 HAIL, great Creator—wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise :
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill—the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine ;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage !
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page !
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see :
Oh, may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee.

140. L. M. WATTS.

The Goodness of God in the Seasons. Ps. 65.

- 1 AT God's command, the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
- 3 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 4 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
- 5 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear:
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

141. C. M. KEBLE.

The Outer and the Inner World.

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,—
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God above, below,
 Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all
 Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.
- 4 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
 Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
 Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- 5 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.
- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
 And read thee everywhere.

142. C. M. WATTS.

The Blessing of Rain. Ps. 65.

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 The morning light, and evening shade
 Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.

- 3 Seasons and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.
- 4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

143. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Power and Goodness of God. Ps. 147.

- 1 DELIGHTFUL is the task to sing,
On each returning day,
The praises of our heavenly King,
And grateful homage pay.
- 2 The countless worlds, which, bathed in light,
Through fields of azure move,
Proclaim his wisdom and his might,
But O, how great his love!
- 3 He deigns each broken, contrite heart
With tender care to bind;
And comfort, hope and grace impart
To heal the wounded mind.
- 4 All creatures with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food;
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.
- 5 Delightful is the task, O Lord!
With each returning day
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

144. C. P. M. H. MOORE.

The Love of God.

- 1 My God! thy boundless love I praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne:
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale:
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.
- 4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blessed,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

145. L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

"How excellent is thy Loving Kindness, O God!" Ps. 36.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope;
Beyond the sparkling skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall forever last.

146. L. M. WATTS.

"Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his benefits." Ps. 103.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God!
Call home thy thoughts that roam abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace!
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Let not the wonders he has wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot.

- 3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from sin, and saves
Our wasting lives from threatening graves.
- 4 Our youth, decayed, his power repairs :
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He satisfies our mouth with good ;
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
- 5 Let the whole earth his power confess :
Let the whole earth his goodness bless :
Let all the powers within it, join
In work and worship so divine.

147. L. M. G. DYER.

Man, the Subject of a Paternal Government.

- 1 GREATEST of Beings ! Source of life !
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy power, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies ;
And, when oppressed with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.
- 3 Children, whose little minds unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven ;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven ;
- 4 Those too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb ;
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come ;

- 5 All, great Creator ! all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care,
And, through each varying stage of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest ;
- 7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord ! obey ;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

148. L. M. BRYANT.

The Paternal Love of God.

- 1 FATHER ! to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below ;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes !
- 2 Giver of sunshine and of rain !
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain !
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star !
- 3 Yet deem we not that thus alone,
Thy mercy and thy love are shown ;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.
- 4 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay !
Sole trust when life shall pass away !
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb !

- 5 Patient, with headstrong guilt to bear;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child !

149. S. M. WATTS.

Paternal Love of God.

- 1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great :
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised,
Above the ground we tread ;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower :
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

150. S. M. MRS. STEELE.*God, our Creator and Benefactor.*

- 1 My Maker, and my King!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.
- 4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

151. C. M. BROWNE.*Universal Goodness of God.*

- 1 LORD, thou art good! all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole, in every part, proclaims
Thy infinite good-will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.

- 3 It fills the wide-extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone.
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
O may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!
- 6 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move!
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love!

152. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

God's Gracious Love to Man.

- 1 THY wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
But most thy praise should man record,
Man, thy distinguished care.
- 2 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 3 Thy providence, his constant guard,
When threatening ills impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

- 4 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possessed;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.
- 5 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;
O teach us to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

153. C. M. WATTS.

The Divine Attributes Celebrated.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

154. C. M. MRS. STEELE.*The Perfect Attributes of God.*

- 1 THY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.
- 2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store,
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.
- 3 Holy and just in all its ways
Is providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.
- 4 The praise of God, delightful theme!
Shall fill my heart and tongue:
Let all creation bless his name
In one eternal song.

155. C. M. WATTS.*Praise to God. Ps. 95.*

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand:
He showed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

- 4 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem—
Those gods on high, and gods below—
When once compared with Him.
- 5 Come! and with humble souls adore,
Come! kneel before his face:
Oh! may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

156. L. M. WATTS.

God Acknowledged and Adored. Ps. 145.

- 1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
O, let our land aloud proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

157. L. M. 6 l. WATTS.

God Revealed in His Works.

- 1 GREAT GOD! the heavens' well ordered frame
Declares the glory of thy name,
There thy rich works of wonder shine :
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless skill and power divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet thy divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun :
Thy light and truth are known abroad ;
We see thy smile in Nature's face,
And in the pages of thy grace
We read the glories of our God.

158. H. M. TATE AND BRADY.

Universal Praise. Ps. 148.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise, And seraphim,
Ye cherubim To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day,
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To him your homage pay:
 His praise declare, And clouds that move
 Ye heavens above, In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came:
 And all shall last, His firm decree
 From changes free: Stand, ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown,
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
 Earth's utmost ends His glorious sway
 His power obey: The sky transcends.

159. S. M. WATTS, ALT.

"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Ps. 8.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
 Thy name is all divine;
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high,
 I raise my wondering eyes,
 And see the moon in brightness walk
 Across the kindling skies:

- 3 When I behold the stars,
 Those radiant files of light,
 Lord! what is man, and all his power,
 To thy resistless might?
- 4 Lord, what is feeble man,
 That thou shouldst love him so?
 Next to thine angels is he placed,
 And lord of all below.
- 5 How rich thy bounties are!
 How wondrous are thy ways!
 Thus from decaying dust to form
 A monument of praise.

160. L. M. ANDREW MARVEL.

"The Heavens declare the Glory of God." Ps. 19.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their Great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball :
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found :
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine—
“The hand that made us is divine.”

161. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

“The Winds and the Sea obey Him.”

- 1 THE Lord our God, is full of might !
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar !
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night ! your force combine :
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar ;
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the sounding skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod ;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God !

162. C. M. WATTS.

"The Works of the Lord are great." Ps. 111.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To our Almighty God;
Be his our heart, and his our tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
Good men, in every age, have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?
- 4 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill:
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

163. L. M. COWPER.

The Providence of God.

- 1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more!
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 't is thy blessing makes it good:
My soul is nourished by thy word;
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

- 3 My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul forever lives.
- 4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From strife and sorrow shields my breast,
Or overrules them for the best.

164. C. M. THOMPSON.

All-Embracing Providence of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed,
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love, our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of Heaven we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend!

165, 166. PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

165. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"He maketh his Sun to rise on the Evil and on the Good."

- 1 FATHER of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoyed in all.

166. L. M. WATTS.

The Perfections and Providence of God. Ps. 136.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more,
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

167. L. M. WATTS.*The Good Providence of God. Ps. 36.*

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

168. C. P. M. EXETER COLL.

The Good Providence of God.

- 1 GREAT Source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
And peace, and calm content!
Like fragrant incense to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

- 3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long, darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom;
Thy watchful love, around our bed,
Doth softly, like a curtain, spread,
And guard the peaceful room.
- 4 To thee, our lives, our all, we owe,
Our peace, and sweetest joys below,
And brightest hopes above;
Then let our lives and all that 's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

169. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for Divine Mercies. Ps. 57.

- 1 My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

- 5 High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky;
 Thy truth to endless years remains,
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.

170. C. M. ADDISON.

Divine Mercies through Life.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

171. L. M. COLLETT.

The Wise Allotments of God's Providence.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care!—to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be:
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God! on thee.

172. L. M. HEMANS.

"What is Man, that thou art mindful of him?"

- 1 CHILD of the earth! O lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!
- 2 Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night;
Behold them!—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

- 3 Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze :
Each is a world, by Him sustained,
Who from eternity hath reigned.
- 4 What then art *thou*, O child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas !
- 5 Yet fear thou not !—the sovereign hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a father's care.
- 6 Be thou at peace ! the all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The searching glance, which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

173. L. M. GIBBONS.

Universal Providence.

- 1 THE earth, and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft, refreshing shower.
- 2 The earth with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.
- 3 Nor to the race of man alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown :
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy thy universal care.

- 4 Not even a sparrow yields his breath
Till God permits the stroke of death;
He hears the ravens when they call,—
The Father and the Friend of all.

174. L. M. WATTS.

Divine Protection. Ps. 121.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

175. H. M. WATTS.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee." Ps. 121.

- 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower His grace is nigh
To which I fly: In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 Nor fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes, Shall Israel keep,
 Which never sleep, When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there.
 Thou art my sun, To guard my head
 And thou my shade, By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath.
 I'll go and come, Till from on high
 Nor fear to die, Thou call me home.

176. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

"Thou hast beset me behind and before."

- 1 FATHER of all! Omniscient Mind!
 Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
 Its highest point what eye can find,
 Or to its lowest depth descend?
- 2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
 Beyond thy reach shall I pursue?
 What dark recess, what distant clime,
 Shall hide me from thy boundless view?

- 3 Thee, mighty God, my wondering soul,
Thee all her conscious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 4 Thine essence fills this breathing frame;
It glows in every vital part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.
- 5 To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven I know,—
Inspired with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall glow.

177. L. M. BOWRING.

God is everywhere.

- 1 FATHER and Friend! thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear—thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But *this* we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with thee.

- 4 And through the various maze of time,
And through th' infinity of space,
We follow thy career sublime,
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.
- 5 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

178. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

Omnipresence of God.

- 1 THE Lord, our God, is Lord of all!
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall!
I hear him in the wind!
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly:
I see him in the morning cloud
And in the midnight sky.
- 3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.
- 4 He smiles, we live: he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bares his sword.
- 5 He bids his gales the fields deform,
Then, when his thunders cease,
Sits like an angel in the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace.

179. L. M. WATTS.

"O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me." Ps. 139.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge! vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

180. L. M. 6 l. MONTGOMERY.

God Omnipresent and Omniscient. Ps. 139.

- 1 SEARCHER of hearts! to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream, and issue,—all my ways.

- 2 How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?
Such knowledge is for me too high;
I live but in my Maker's eye.
- 3 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God! to me; how great the sum!
New every morn they never cease,
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number, and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.
- 4 Search me, O God! and know my heart;
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

181. C. M. WATTS.

Omnipresence of God.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding light surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to thee;
 Oh may I ne'er offend that power
 From which I cannot flee!

182. L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

"Whither shall I go from thy Presence?"

- 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceived by me.
- 2 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
 On every side I find thy hand;
 O skill, for human reach too high!
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
- 3 O could I so perfidious be,
 To think of once deserting thee!
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
 Or whither from thy presence run?
- 4 If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the western main,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

- 5 Or should I try to shun thy sight
 Beneath the sable wings of night,
 One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.
- 6 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
 If mischief lurks in any part;
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

183. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our Guide, our Refuge, our Hope.

- 1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
 Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
 Through every age, eternal God,
 Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
 In thee our fathers still are blest;
 And while the tomb confines their dust,
 In thee their souls abide, and trust.
- 3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
 Awhile to fill our fathers' place.
 Our helpless state with pity view,
 And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
 In this uncertain wilderness,
 When friends desert and foes invade,
 Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
 And we must dwell in flesh no more,
 To thee our separate souls shall come,
 And find in thee a surer home.

184. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God shining into the Heart.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright !
His presence gilds the worlds above,
The unchanging Source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled ;
“ Let there be light,” Jehovah said ;
And light o’er all its face was spread.
- 3 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 4 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine ;
And let thy glories stand revealed,
As in the Saviour’s face beheld.
- 5 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display,
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

185. L. M. KIPPIS.

“ Canst thou, by searching, find out God ? ”

- 1 GREAT GOD ! in vain man’s narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through :
Our labouring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord ! thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O ! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

186. L. M. SCOTT.

"The Fear of God is the Beginning of Wisdom."

- 1 GREAT Author of all nature's frame,
Holy and reverend is thy name ;
Against thee who shall lift his hand ?
Before thy terrors who can stand ?
- 2 But blest are they, O gracious Lord !
Who fear thy name and keep thy word ;
Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends
Their life, till life its journey ends.
- 3 O that my soul, with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin.
- 4 Never, O never from my heart
May this great principle depart ;
But act with unabating power,
Within me, to my latest hour.

THE MYSTERIES OF GOD. 187, 188.

187. C. M. JERVIS.

Confidence in God.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy power and might,
The universe displays.
- 2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm ;
Extended still and strong to save
From danger and alarm.
- 3 O may thy gracious presence, Lord,
Chase anxious fears away ;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay !

188. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD ! thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.
- 2 Stupendous heights ! amazing depths !
Creatures in vain explore :
Or, if a transient glimpse we gain,
'Tis faint and quickly o'er.
- 3 Though all the mysteries lie concealed
Beyond what we can see,
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of thee.

189, 190. THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

189. L. M. BOWRING.

Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 LORD, in the unbeginning years,
Whose course is wrapped in trackless night;
Ere thou hadst launched the heavenly spheres,
Or waked this wandering world to light,—
What were thy words,—thy works,—and how
Didst thou thy glorious march record?
For thou wert great and good as now,
Of love the Source, of light the Lord.
- 2 And in the unending ages, far
Beyond the utmost reach of mind,
When all that is, and all that are,
Shall leave not e'en a wreck behind,—
O, what shall be thy bright career,
Lord of the eternal, changeless will?
Thou wilt be there supreme, as here,—
All-wise, all-good, almighty still!
- 3 Yes! shrouded in the mystery,
The past, the future's dark abyss,
Bright clouds of splendour circle thee;
And light thy path from bliss to bliss.
This is our faith, our hope, our trust,
Through thought's immeasurable range:
Time is a dream, and man is dust;
But Thou—but Thou canst never change.

190. C. M. COWPER.

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

191. L. M. WATTS.

“Canst thou find out the Almighty ?”

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated Mind ?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

- 3 God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?
- 4 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 5 These are a portion of his ways:
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

192. L. M. WALKER'S COLL.

"God, with whom is no Variableness."

- 1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign!
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain!
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same,
I AM, is thy memorial still.

193. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Immutability of God. Ps. 102.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame !
Our souls adore thine awful name ;
We bow with reverence when we praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems pass away.
- 3 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun ;
And in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 4 But let the creatures fall around,
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies ;—
- 5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

194. C. M. WATTS.

Eternity and Immutability of God.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
How frail and weak are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view,
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

195. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

God Unchangeable.

- 1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O, ever blessed God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 The deep foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
And all the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thou, O God, art still the same,
And endless are thy days;
Thy bright perfections ever shine
With undiminished rays.

5 Thy servants' children, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To latest time thy favour share,
And spread thy truth abroad.

196. 10s. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

"They shall perish, but thou, O Lord, shalt endure."

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns; let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide-peopled earth his praise proclaim.
- 2 Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must pass
away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires and the pride of kings.
- 3 The sun himself, with gath'ring clouds oppress'd,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky.
- 4 But fixed, O God! forever stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffused, is still the same.

CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION AND SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

197. P. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.
- 3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

198. C. M. Bp. HEBER.

Pentecost.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth ! on this, thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality !
- 2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control ;
But thou, in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.
- 6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, with hope, with love !

199. L. M. DRYDEN, ALT.*Prayer for the Gifts of the Spirit.*

- 1 OH, Source of uncreated light !
By whom the worlds were raised from night ;
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Illume and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy Fount ! Thrice holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.
- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us on our way.

200. L. M. MONTGOMERY.*Prayer for the Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.

- 2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 3 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 4 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

201. L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

Spiritual Influences compared to Rain.

- 1 THE dews and rains, in all their store,
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 2 As in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So in the secrecy of love
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 3 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 4 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind ;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

202. C. M. WATTS.*Prayer for the Spirit.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

203. L. M. BEDDOME.*Prayer for the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

204. C. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

- 1 ETERNAL SOURCE of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us by thy grace
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God!

12*

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

THE SCRIPTURES.

205. L. M. WATTS.

Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light :
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

206. S. M. WATTS.*Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.*

- 1 BEHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God :
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice !
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

207. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

208. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Light and Guidance of Scripture.

- 1 WHEN Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God:
'T is for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 O may it be our cloud by day,
Our fire amidst the evening gloom;
And light and lead us all the way
In which we travel to the tomb!

209. C. M. COWPER.

Light and Glory of the Scriptures.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

210. S. M. WATTS.

The Glad Tidings of the Gospel.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

211. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.*The Seed of the Word.*

- 1 LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain :
In vain we plant without thy aid,
And water too in vain.
- 2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain :
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.
- 3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.
- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove ;
Nor may the world by smiles and frowns
Our faith and hope remove.
- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word ;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred fold afford.

212. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.*The Seed of the Word.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD ! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits, of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.
- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

213. S. M. WATTS.

The Light of the Gospel.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.
- 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

214. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Efficacy of the Gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling shower,
And the reviving rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth And calls forth all
Through every pore, Her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows The copious seed
Its golden ears, Of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend.
Millions of souls And bear it down
Shall feel its power, To millions more."

215. S. M. WATTS.*The Gospel Invitation.*

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 4 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

216. S. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.*Gospel Invitations.*

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

217. C. M. WATTS.

Invitations of the Gospel.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies
And drive our wants away.

218. C. M. WATTS.*The Light and Glory of the Gospel.*

- 1 THE heavens, O Lord, thy rule obey,
And earth maintains her place;
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.
- 2 But still thy holy gospel, Lord,
Hath lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

219. P. M. MRS. HEMANS.*The Voices of the Sky.*

- 1 OH! lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sung peace on earth?
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
Oh! voices of the sky.

- 2 Oh! clear and shining light, whose beams
 That hour Heaven's glory shed,
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherd's head:
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of hope, and joy, and faith,—
 Oh! clear and shining light!
- 3 Oh! Star, which led to him whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free,
 Where art thou?—midst the host above,
 May we still gaze on thee?
 In heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth may not dim,
 Send them to guide us yet,
 Oh! star which led to him.

220. S. M. WATTS.

The Law and the Gospel.

- 1 THE law by Moses came;
 But peace, and truth, and love,
 Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
 Descending from above.
- 2 Within the house of God
 Their different works were done;
 Moses, a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
 Be strict obedience paid;
 O'er all his Father's house he stands,
 The sovereign and the head.

- 4 My soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thee from the dangerous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 5 He leads his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows from all eyes.

221. L. M. WATTS.

God's Word our Refuge and Peace. Ps. 46.

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow,
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace, thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

222. C. M. WATTS.

Instruction to the Young from Scripture. Ps. 119.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day :
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.
- 5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine ;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

223. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.*"Thou shalt teach them to thy Children."* Ps. 78.

- 1 HEAR, O my people ; to my law
Devout attention lend ;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.
- 2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood,
And owned for truths of old :
- 3 Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down ;
- 4 That generations yet to come,
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs ;
- 5 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
But keep his just commands.

224. C M. RIPPON'S COLL.*The Value of the Scriptures.*

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To lead our souls to heaven.

- 2 O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast ;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.
- 3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.
- 4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of never-ending day.

225. L. M. WATTS.

"God hath spoken unto us by his Son."

- 1 God, who in various methods told
His mind and will to those of old,
Hath sent his Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 The world shall read the sacred page,
That stands the same through every age ;
There God reveals his gracious plan
Of life to undeserving man.
- 3 His kindest thoughts are there expressed,
To make his children wise and blessed ;
The doctrines are divinely true,
For counsel and for comfort too.
- 4 The lands which long in darkness lay,
Have now beheld the heavenly ray ;
Nations which slept in death's cold night,
Rejoice in beams divinely bright.

226. L. M. WATTS.*God's Glory in the Gospel.*

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna, to the Eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 The spacious earth, and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 3 But in the gospel of thy Son
Are all thy mightiest works outdone ;
The light it pours upon our eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 4 Our spirits kindle in its beam ;
It is a sweet, a glorious theme ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

227. C. M. COWPER.*"The entrance of thy Word giveth Light."*

- 1 How blest thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high !
- 2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness doth rise,
With healing on his wings.

- 3 Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurked before.
- 4 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire formed within,
And owns a heavenly reign.
- 5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal,—
- 6 Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart :
But, Jesus, 't is thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

228. L. M. BOWRING.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

- 1 UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine ;
And as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar,
And as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.
- 3 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And wisdom's self become more wise.

- 4 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world.
- 5 Flow to restore—but not destroy ;
As when the cloudless lamp of day,
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

229. C. M. WATTS.

Revelation. Ps. 119.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look !
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go !
- 4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

230. C. M. WATTS.*The Excellency of Scripture. Ps. 119.*

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest:
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

231. C. M. MRS. STEELE.*The Excellency of the Scriptures.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

232, 233. THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

232. C. M. WATTS.

The Blessings of the Gospel.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name,
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

233. S. M. Dyer's Coll.*The Preaching of the Gospel.*

- 1 God of the prophet's power !
God of the gospel's sound !
Ride glorious on—send out thy voice
To all the nations round.
- 2 With heart and lips unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word ;
We praise thee for the joyful news
Of our ascended Lord.
- 3 O may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and solemn joy
In all our hearts appear.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase ;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.
- 5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

234. 7s. M. 6 l. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

- 1 ON thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine ;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star ;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

JESUS CHRIST.

235. C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

Isaiah's Prophecy of the Messiah. Is. 53.

- 1 THE Saviour comes ! no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh ;
No earthly beauty shines in him,
To draw the carnal eye.
- 2 Fair as a beauteous, tender flower
Amidst the desert grows,
So, slighted and despised by man,
The heavenly Saviour rose.
- 3 Rejected and despised of man,
Behold a man of woe !
Grief was his close companion still,
Through all his life below.
- 4 Wronged and oppressed, how meekly he
In patient silence stood !
Mute as the peaceful, harmless lamb,
When brought to shed its blood.
- 5 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay ;
The rich a grave supplied ;
Unspotted was his blameless life ;
Unstained by sin he died.
- 6 He with the great shall share the spoil,
And baffle all his foes ;
Though, ranked with sinners, here he fell,
A conqueror he rose.

236.

C. M.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Saviour Foretold.

- 1 BEHOLD my servant ; see him rise
Exalted in my might !
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
My spirit shall descend ;
My truths and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice ;
No threats from him proceed ;
The smoking flax shall he not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise ;
The weak will not despise ;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

237.

8 & 7s. M.

CAWOOD.

The Song of the Angels.

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chaunt in hymns of joy :
"Glory in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God most high.
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven ;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing !
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King !
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high !
- 6 "Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth."

238. 6 & 10s. M. MILTON, ALT'D.

The Birth of Christ.

- 1 No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

- 2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the break of dawn,
Sat silent, gazing on the starry sky;
When, lo! a blaze of light
Burst on their wondering sight,
With fiery radiance, kindling all on high.
- 3 And music, sweet and clear,
Flowed on the listening ear,
Such as of old, the sons of morning sung:
The gentle cherubim
And shining seraphim
Welcomed their Prince with rapture on their
tongue.
- 4 Oh, may the silver chime
Sound through all coming time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
To bless the holy child,
Who came in winter wild,
To dwell with man in this cold world below.
- 5 And in the awful day
When all shall pass away,
His light shall start us from our wintry sleep:
The earth shall stand aghast,
And tremble at the blast,
When the last trump shall thunder through
the deep.

239. C. M. PATRICK.

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

240. L. M. CAMPBELL.

The Nativity.

- 1 WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the
night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptured soul.

- 3 "O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 4 "See, Mercy from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 5 "He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

241. C. M. E. H. SEARS.

The Nativity.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring—
 "Peace to the earth—good will to men—
 From heaven's Eternal King!"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
 The Saviour now is born!
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

242. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

"A Light to lighten the Gentiles."

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined,
 Have seen a glorious light;
 The people dwell in day, who dwelt
 In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
 The gathering nations come,
 Joyous, as when the reapers bear
 The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 Whose rule shall stretch abroad,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

243. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.*The Guiding Star.*

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

244. C. M. WATTS.*Message of John the Baptist*

- 1 JOHN was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which the Prince of Peace,
Sent to prepare his ways.
- 2 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;
I saw the spirit o'er his head
On his baptizing day.

- 3 "Be every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.
- 4 "The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that's born of men shall see
The glory of the Lord.
- 5 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

245. 11s. M. DRUMMOND.

"Prepare ye the Way of the Lord."

- 1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill;
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendour
of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though
towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth
and even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine;
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches
abroad.

246. C. M. EXETER COLL.*The Baptism of Jesus.*

- 1 SEE, from on high, a light divine
On Jesus' head descend !
And hear the sacred voice from heaven
That bids us all attend.
- 2 "This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaimed the voice divine ;
"Hear him," his heavenly Father said,
"For all his words are mine."
- 3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom showed to man
In God his Father's name.
- 4 The path of heavenly peace he showed,
That leads to bliss on high ;
Where all his faithful followers here
Shall live, no more to die.

247. C. M. DODDRIDGE.*The Mission of Christ.*

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasure of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

248. L. M. WATTS.

The Miracles of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!
- 2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises! and appears with God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

249. L. M. RUSSELL.

"That ye through his poverty might be rich."

- 1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.
- 2 The weary bird hath left the air
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.
- 3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night damp of the wind.
- 4 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;
He hath not where to lay his head.
- 5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

250. C. M. MRS. ELLIS.

"He began to wash his disciples' feet."

- 1 "LORD, thou shalt never wash my feet!"
The impetuous Peter cried;
More touched with self-abasement meet
Than with presumptuous pride.

- 2 But still the Saviour bent his head,
A servant there to be;
"If I wash not thy feet," he said,
"Thou hast no part with me."
- 3 Oh, blest example! noblest form
Humility could wear!
What art thou man? a weed! a worm!
Such fellowship to share?
- 4 Yet while the radiance of that love
Shines on thine earthly lot,
Turn to thy brother man, and prove
That lesson not forgot.
- 5 Turn, as your steps together tread
Through life's long wilderness,
And, like the Saviour, bow thy head,
To succour, and to bless.

251. L. M. BACHE.

"Greater Love hath no man than this."

- 1 "SEE how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved, who firm yet mild,
Patient, endured the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

- 4 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 Such love can we unmoved survey?
O may our breasts with ardour glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show!

252. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Saviour's Benediction.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands;
His weeping followers gathering round,
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.
- 3 "Blessed is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.
- 4 "Whose breast expands with generous
warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the power to heal.

- 5 "Peace from the bosom of his Lord,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.
- 6 "To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love."

253. C. M. ENFIELD.

The Example of Jesus Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

254. L. M. WATTS.

The Example of Jesus Christ.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

255. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

- 1 THOU art the Way; and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow:
By thee must come, thou Gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod,
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

- 2 Thou art the Truth, whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom :
The pure, the everlasting Ray,
The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb :
The Light that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go :
The Word whose precious radiance flings
Its lustre upon all below.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the blessed Well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more :
Thou art the guiding Pillar given,
Our Lamp by night, our Light by day ;
Thou art the Sacred Bread from heaven ;
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

256. C. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

- 1 THOU art the Way ; by thee alone
From sin and death we flee :
And they who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

257. C. M. BEDDOME.

Following Christ.

- 1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I feign would trace,
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 't was his delight
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Meekness, humility and love
Through all his conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

258. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Example of Jesus Christ.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

- 3 O, how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright !
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labour of his life was love ;
If then we own the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

259. L. M. WATTS.

The Reign of Christ on Earth.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey ;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 The sceptre well becomes his hands,
And all submit to his commands ;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

260. S. M. NEEDHAM.

"I am the Light of the World."

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace !
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness :
Meekness and patience, truth and love
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou Light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way :
The path which Christ has marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

261. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 To THEE, O God ! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day !
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine;
Quickened by him our souls shall live,
And cheered by him, shall grow and thrive.
- 4 O may his glories stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west;
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.
- 5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fixed on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day?

262. C. M. WATTS.

The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing!
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

263. L. M. 6 l. BARTON.

The Pool of Bethesda.

- 1 AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
 Waiting to hear the rustling wing,
 Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
 Its virtue to that holy spring,
 With patience, and with hope endued
 Were seen the gathered multitude.
- 2 Had they who watched and waited there
 Been conscious who was passing by,
 With what unceasing, anxious care
 Would they have sought his pitying eye;
 And craved, with fervency of soul,
 His Power Divine to make them whole!
- 3 Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
 No angel, by his glad descent,
 Dispenses that diviner dower
 Which with its healing waters went.
 But he, whose word surpassed its wave,
 Is still omnipotent to save.
- 4 Saviour! thy love is still the same
 As when that healing word was spoke;
 Still in thine all-redeeming name
 Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke;
 Oh! be that power, that love displayed,
 Help those—whom thou alone canst aid!

264. C. M. WATTS.*The Kingdom given to Christ.*

- 1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known :
“Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my beloved Son.
- 2 “Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race ;
His head my holy oil o’erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.
- 3 “High shall he reign on David’s throne,
My people’s better King ;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.
- 4 “My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side,
While in my name, through earth and sea,
He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 “Me for his Father and his God
He shall forever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I’ll support my Son.”

265. C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.*Christ’s Invitation.*

- 1 COME unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears opprest,
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

- 2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary, troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.
- 3 For light and gentle is my yoke.
The burthen I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

266. 7s. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Invitations of the Saviour.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!
- 2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!
- 3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise:
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care;
A wounded spirit who can bear?
- 5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

267. L. M. BOWRING.*Jesus Preaching the Gospel.*

- 1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place!
- 2 From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
"Come, all ye weary ones and rest!"
Yes! sacred teacher,—we will come—
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

268. L. M. WATTS.*"Take my Yoke upon you, and learn of Me."*

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus! we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To form and guide them at thy will.

269. L. M. MILMAN.

Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.

- 1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry!
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh!
The Father, on his glorious throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign.

270. L. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

"Behold the Man."

- 1 BEHOLD the man ! how glorious he !
Before his foes he stands unawed,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims to be the Son of God.
- 2 Behold the man ! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes ;
His person and his claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the man ! so weak he seems
His awful word inspires no fear ;
But soon must he who now blasphemes
Before his judgment-seat appear.
- 4 Behold the man ! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above ;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

271. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Agony in the Garden.

- 1 "FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.
- 2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, thy will, not mine, be done."

- 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone
Would say,—thy will, not ours, be done.
- 4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

272. 7s. M. 6 l. MONTGOMERY.

Jesus our Example in Trial.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned,
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom :
 —Who has taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes ;
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

273. P. M. MRS. HEMANS.

“ My Soul is exceeding Sorrowful.”

- 1 HE knelt—the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but his Father’s eye
 Looked through the lonely garden’s shade,
 On that dread agony !
 Messiah cried with suppliant breath
 Bowed down with sorrow unto death.
- 2 He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint, perplexing dread,
 The mists that hang o’er parting life,
 All darkened round his head ;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray,—
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away !
- 3 It passed not—though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread ;
 It passed not—though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead.
 But there was sent him from on high
 A gift of strength for man to die.
- 4 And was *his* mortal hour beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may we meet our conflict yet,
 In the dark, narrow way ?
 How but through him, that path who trod,
 The man of grief,—the Son of God !

274. L. M. LOGAN.

“Touched with the Feeling of our Infirmities.”

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heav'nly power
To help us in the evil hour.

275. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Christ's Passion.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place.
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through brightening glooms behold his face,
No form or comeliness is there.

- 2 Last eve, by those he called his own,
Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst his murderers he remains.
- 4 But hark! he prays;—'t is for his foes;
He speaks;—'t is comfort to his friends;
Answers;—and Paradise bestows;
“'T is finished!”—here the conflict ends.
- 5 He dies; the veil is rent in twain;
Darkness o'er all the land is spread;
High, without tempest, rolls the main,
Earth trembles, graves give up their dead.
- 6 “Truly, this was the Son of God!”
—Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

276. 7s. M. MILMAN.

“ They shall look on Him whom they pierced.”

- 1 BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the cheek so pale and wan,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of man! 't is thou! 't is thou!

- 2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is he?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 The life breathed out in agony:
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead:
 Crucified! we know thee now;
 Son of man! 't is thou! 't is thou!
- 3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is he?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord! they know not what they do;"
 By the sealed and guarded cave,
 By the spoiled and empty grave,
 By that clear, immortal brow,
 Son of God! 't is thou! 't is thou!

277. L. M. WATTS.

Christ Triumphant in Death.

- 1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo, Israel's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
 The Lord of glory dies for men;
 But lo, what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb;
 The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains.
- 5 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem and strong to save ;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting ?"
And "Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

278. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Crucifixion of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe !
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow ;
- 2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread :
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.
- 3 "'Tis finished," was his latest voice ;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.
- 4 'Tis finished—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own ;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown.
- 5 'Tis finished—ritual worship ends,
And Gospel' ages run ;
All old things now are past away,
A new world is begun.

279. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

"If I be lifted up from the Earth, I will draw all men unto me."

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony !
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn ?
- 3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died ;
'T was love that bowed his fainting head
And oped his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love ;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.
- 5 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight,
To thy triumphant throne.

280. 7s. M. SALISBURY COLL.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes ;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Now ascends his native heaven.

- 2 There the splendid triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though ascending to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 Ever upwards let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for a heavenly home.
- 5 There with thee may we remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Finding all our heaven in thee!

281. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"He is not here, He is risen."

- 1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.
- 3 Then raise your eyes and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

- 4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonored head ;
 And through unnumbered years he reigns,
 Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With joy like his shall every saint
 His empty tomb survey ;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord,
 Through all his shining way.

282. 7s. M. SCOTT.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 ANGEL ! roll the stone away !
 Death ! give up thy mighty prey !
 See, he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song ;
 Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
 Hail the Son of God, this morn,
 From his sepulchre new-born !
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
 Calm those unbelieving fears ;
 Doubt no more his power to save ;
 See his own deserted grave !
- 4 Powers of heaven, celestial choirs !
 Sing and sweep your sounding lyres ;
 Sons of men, in joyful strain
 Hail your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 5 Every note with rapture swell,
 And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?

283. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ seen of Angels.

1 O YE immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Join with our feeble song
 To make the Saviour known :
 On earth ye knew His beauteous face
 His wondrous grace ; In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
 In human flesh arrayed,
 Benevolent and mild,
 And in a manger laid ;
 And praise to God, For such a birth,
 And peace on earth, Proclaimed aloud.

3 Around his sacred tomb
 A willing watch ye keep
 Till that blest moment come
 To raise him from his sleep.
 Then rolled the stone, Your rising Lord,
 And all adored With joy unknown.

4 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise ;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise :
 And thou, my heart, And joy the same,
 With equal flame, Perform thy part !

284. L. M. BP. HEBER.*The Second Coming of Christ.*

- 1 THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come! a glorious form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
Can this be He—the Crucified!
- 5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

285. C. M. DUNCAN.*The Glorification of Christ.*

- 1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Praise him who shed for you his blood,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race.
 A remnant weak and small;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 And join the everlasting song,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

286. 7 & 6s. M. MONTGOMERY.

"All Nations shall call Him Blessed."

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
- 4 For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore ;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever,
His great, best name of love.

287. L. M. 6 l. WATTS.

"The Gentiles shall see Thy Righteousness."

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise ;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show
And all his saving works proclaim.

- 2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord :
 The wondering nations read thy word :
 Among us is Jehovah known ;
 Our worship shall no more be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made ;
 Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving power,
 And barbarous nations fear his name ;
 Then shall the race of man confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

288. 10s. M. POPE.

Predicted Glory of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes !
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend !
 See thy bright altars, thronged with prostrate
 kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

289. **L. M.** WATTS.

The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head :
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice ;
- 3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

290. **C. M.** SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

The Latter-Day Glory.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God
In latter days shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wandering eyes.

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those happy years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

291. C. M. MILTON.

The Kingdom of God on Earth.

- 1 THE Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

THE LATTER-DAY GLORY.

- 3 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 4 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 5 Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right,
I in thy truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 6 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
- 7 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

THE CHRISTIAN HEART, EXPERIENCE, AND CHARACTER.

292. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"He that hath the Son hath Life."

- 1 O HAPPY Christian, who can trust
"The Son of God is mine!"
Happy, though humbled in the dust,
Rich in this gift divine.
- 2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall forever live;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigour give.
- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny;
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.
- 4 That life obtained, for praise alone
We wish continued breath;
And, taught by blest experience, own
That praise can live in death.

293. L. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

Glorying in Christ.

- 1 LET not the wise their wisdom boast;
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight,

- 2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?
- 3 The Lord, my righteousness, I praise,
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace
In Christ through endless ages mine.

294. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Invitations of the Gospel.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes to God;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endless peace,—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling; yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
May that sweet influence in our breast,
Prepare us for thy heavenly rest.

295. L. M. SCOTT.*Christian Privileges and Responsibility.*

- 1 How many millions draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death,
While God appoints my share of time
Within his gospel's favoured clime!
- 2 Shall I receive this grace in vain?
Shall I this high vocation stain?
Away, ye works in darkness wrought;
Away, each sensual, earthly thought.
- 3 My soul! I charge thee to excel
In thinking right, and acting well;
Heighten the force of good desire;
To deeds of shining worth aspire.
- 4 Strong and more strong thy passions rule,
Advancing still in virtue's school;
Contending still, with noble strife,
To imitate thy Saviour's life.

296. 8 & 7s. M. BOWRING.*The Cross of Christ.*

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

297. L. M. CHRISTIAN REFORMER.

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"

- 1 FROM Christ, my Lord, shall I depart,
And rase his image from my heart?
Forsake the beams of heavenly day,
And follow nature's feeble ray?
- 2 Treasures of power, and grace divine,
United, in my Saviour shine;
No other name but his is given,
To lead us to the joys of heaven.
- 3 The living bread his hands bestow;
The living waters round him flow;
And shall I from the fountain fly,
And in the parching desert die?
- 4 Forbid it, Author of my frame;
Great God, from whom my spirit came;
Thy Son can endless life bestow;
To whom but him, then, should I go?

298. 8 & 7s. M. J. NEWTON.*Zion, the city of God.*

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

299. C. M. WATTS.*"Ye are come to Mount Zion."*

- 1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

- 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels, clothed in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight !
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven ;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their sins to be forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest :
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

300. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Lord, we Believe, help thou our Unbelief."

- 1 LORD ! we have made our steadfast choice !
In Christ the Saviour we rejoice :
Yet still our pleasure blends with grief,
For faith is mixed with unbelief.
- 2 His promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting souls alive ;
But sins, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 Father, before it quite departs,
Renew the promise in our hearts ;
Nor see that faith in ruins laid,
Which thy own gracious power hath made.

- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
Reveal the glories of thy name,
And put our anxious doubts to flight,
Like shades before the morning light.

301. C. M. PROUD.

The Happiness of a Christian.

- 1 WHEN true religion gains a place,
And lives within the mind,
The sensual life subdued by grace,
And all the soul refined :
- 2 The desert blooms in living green,
Where thorns and briars grew ;
The barren waste is fruitful seen,
And all the prospect new.
- 3 The storms of rugged winter cease,
The frozen flowers revive ;
Spring blooms without, within is peace—
All nature seems alive.
- 4 O happy Christian, richly blessed !
What floods of pleasure roll !
By God and man he stands confessed,
In dignity of soul.
- 5 Substantial, pure, his every joy :
His Maker is his friend ;
The noblest business his employ,
And happiness his end.

302. C. M. J. NEWTON.*Hidden Strength of the Christian.*

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that 's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence;
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as Christ overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

303. L. M. MRS. GILMAN.*The Joy and Peace of Believing.*

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father! let me fly to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
That scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene;
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

304. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

"Lo, it is I: be not afraid."

- 1 WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo! it is I: be not afraid."
- 2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove;
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart by sorrow riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled;
"Lo! it is I: be not afraid."
- 4 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know, or know him not.

- 5 And when the last dread hour shall come,
 While shuddering nature waits her doom,
 This voice shall wake the pious dead,
 "Lo! it is I: be not afraid,"

305. C. M. MRS. HEMANS.

"Peace! be still!"

- 1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,
 When stormy winds grew loud,
 And waves came rolling high and dark,
 And the tall mast was bowed.
- 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
 And baffled in their skill—
 But One was there, who rose and said
 To the wild sea, "Be still!"
- 3 And the wind ceased; it ceased! that word
 Passed through the gloomy sky,
 The troubled billows knew their Lord,
 And sank beneath his eye.
- 4 Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
 And tame the tempest's mood—
 Oh! send thy Spirit forth in power
 O'er our dark souls to brood!
- 5 Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
 Thy mandates to fulfil—
 Speak, speak, to passion's raging tide,
 Speak and say—"Peace, be still!"

306. C. M. EXETER COLL.

Fortitude founded on Faith.

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord;
His well established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes,
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

307. C. M. SALISBURY COLL.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 It quells the raging flames of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
 The healing balm to give ;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign,
 And bids us seek our portion there,
 Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
 Till this frail body dies ;
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
 To endless glory rise.

308. L. M. WATTS.

" We walk by Faith, not by Sight."

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night ;
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into distant worlds she flies,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abraham, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God ;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

309. L. M. DRUMMOND.

"Faith without Works is Dead."

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 To doers only of the word,
Propitious is the righteous Lord;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
And heals their wounds, and soothes their
cares.
- 4 In true and genuine faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 5 Kind deeds of peace and love, betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

310. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian Race,

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on,

- 2 True 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

311. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—

- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

312. C. M. GIBBORNE.

The Christian's Life and his Hope.

- 1 A SOLDIER's course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife ;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun—
Behold the Christian's life !
- 2 O ! let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore ;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more ;
- 3 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign ;
Nor sin with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane ;
- 4 The land where, suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day ;
- 5 Where they who meet shall never part ;
Where grace achieves its plan ;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

313. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Warfare of the Soul.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes !
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Come then, my soul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 5 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
The man of Calvary triumphant here ;—
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

314. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

"The whole Armour of God."

- 1 THE Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armour of his God :
The Spirit's sword is in his hand ;
His feet are with the gospel shod :

- 2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,
Fights the good fight; and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

315. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Christian's Resolve.

- 1 AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

316. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

The Christian's Contest, Rest, and Hope.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's way,
Amid the deepening gloom,
The soldiers of an injured King
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the wars of life are past,
And all their powers decay,
Their cold remains, in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Their service done, securely laid
In this their last retreat,
Unheeded o'er their silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless in the grave
The vital spark shall lie;
O'er nature's ruins it shall rise,
To reach its kindred sky.
- 5 Then heaven's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays;
And the long silent dust shall wake
In strains of endless praise.

317. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Watchfulness.

- 1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake, -
And view the threatening scene:
Legions of foes encamp around
And treachery lurks within.
- 2 'T is not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail:
How canst thou hope for future bliss
If their attempts prevail?
- 3 Now to the work of God awake—
Behold thy Master near—
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigour and with fear.
- 4 The awful register goes on,
The account will surely come;
And opening day, or closing night
May bear me to my doom.
- 5 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes!
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

318. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Again, I say—Watch!"

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch,—’t is your Lord’s command;
And while we speak, he’s near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

319. L. M. WATTS.

“Ye shall know them by their Fruits.”

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

320. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Choosing the Better Part.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Father divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Wisely to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth with skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

321. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"One Thing is Needful."

- 1 WHY should we lavish out our years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?
While, in this various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Why should we chase the fleeting wind
And famish an immortal mind ?
While angels look with sorrow down
To see us spurn the heavenly crown.

- 3 The Eternal God calls from above,
The Saviour pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives us pain;
And shall these pleas unite in vain?
- 4 Not so the dying eye shall view
The pleasures which we now pursue;
Not so eternity appear
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty Power ! thine aid impart
To fix conviction on the heart :
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

322. 7 & 8s. M. BOWRING.

"He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely."

- 1 HE who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely ;
Diligent, while yet 't is day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.
- 2 Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him ;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.
- 3 Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending ;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending.
- 4 Cradled in its quiet deep,
Calm as summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallowed sleep ;
Sleep that is o'erwatched by heaven.

323. L. M. SIR HENRY WOTTON.

0 *An Independent and Happy Life.*

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath :
- 3 Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great :
- 4 Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
Who walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend !
- 5 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

324. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

The Man whom God Approves.

- 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's ;
The Lord's her fulness is ;
The world, and all that dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.

- 2 But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen seat designed :
O ! who shall to that sacred hill
Deserved admittance find ?
- 3 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free ;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.
- 4 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down ;
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

325. C. M. BARTON.

"Walk in the Light."

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light !—and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light !—and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there !

- 5 Walk in the light!—and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light!

326. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

The Righteous Blessed.

- 1 How blest are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray.
- 2 Thrice blest! who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been;
And have with fervent, humble zeal
His favour sought to win.
- 3 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will,
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 4 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!
- 5 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free,
Convinced, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

327. L. M. WATTS.

The Benedictions of the Sermon on the Mount.

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 3 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 5 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 6 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

328. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

"Blessed are the Meek."

- 1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell,
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.
- 4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast
Whose prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.
- 5 O gracious Father, grant,
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

329. S. M. WATTS.

Domestic Peace. Ps. 133.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

330, 331. THE TWO COMMANDMENTS.

- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where love and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

330. S. M. KEBLE.

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

331. L. M. E. TAYLOR.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

- 1 "THUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,
With all thy heart, and soul, and mind :"
So speaks to man that sacred word,
For counsel and reproof designed.
- 2 "With all thy heart ;" no idol thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

THE TWO COMMANDMENTS. **332, 333.**

- 3 "With all thy mind;" each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.
- 4 "With soul and strength;" thy days of ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to him.
- 5 Thou Power supreme, in whom we move!
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

332. C. M. ROSCOE.

The Two Commandments.

- 1 THIS is the first and great command—
To love thy God above;
And this the second—as thyself
Thy neighbour thou shalt love.
- 2 Who is my neighbour? He who wants
The help which thou canst give;
And both the law and prophets say,
This do, and thou shalt live.

333. L. M. WATTS.

Religion vain without Love.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
Of all that's done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the cravings of the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name :
- 4 If love to God and love to man
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

334. L. M. COTTON.

A Peaceful Conscience.

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys that hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A conscience peaceful to the last.
- 2 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismayed ;
But fearless meet life's dreariest gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 3 Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each blow some kind design fulfils ;
And can I murmur at my God,
While love supreme directs the rod ?
- 4 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

335. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.*The Righteous and the Wicked. Ps. 1.*

- 1 How blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk:
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.
- 5 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend:
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

336. L. M. ENFIELD.*Pride and Humility.*

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O, why should mortal man be proud?

- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray!
- 4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!
- 5 God of my life! Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

337. L. M. SCOTT.

"Two men went up into the temple to pray."

- 1 THE uplifted eye, and bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

- 4 Love God and man—this great command,
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy Well-Beloved preach.

338. C. M. WATTS.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

339. L. M. SCOTT.

"Hast thou Faith?—Have it to thyself before God."

- 1 ALL-SEEING God! 't is thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe!
- 3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful, we improve our light;
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

340. S. M. SCOTT.

Private Judgment and Accountability.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

341. S. M. BEDDOME.

Christian Unity.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banished far away;
Those should in holy friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure always flow,
And every heart is love.

342. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"The Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."

- 1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might—
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

343. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

The Accepted Worshipper. Ps. 15.

- 1 LORD, who's the happy man, that may
To thy blest courts repair;
And while he bows before thy face,
Shall find acceptance there?
- 2 'Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose honest tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves;
- 3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whispered round.

- 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
- 6 The man who by this steady course
Has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand
By Providence secured.

344. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.*The Accepted Offering.*

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined;
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
 Love, embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with liberal store:
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

345. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Moderation.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
 Still keep the golden mean;
 Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
 Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 What blessings bounteous Heaven bestows,
 He takes with thankful heart;
 With temperance he both eats and drinks,
 And gives the poor a part.
- 3 To sect or party his large soul
 Disdains to be confined;
 The good he loves of every name,
 And prays for all mankind.
- 4 His business is to keep his heart;
 Each passion to control;
 Nobly ambitious well to rule
 The empire of his soul.
- 5 Not on the world his heart is set,
 His treasure is above;
 Nothing beneath the sovereign good
 Can claim his highest love.

346. C. M. WATTS.*Christian Courage and Self-Denial.*

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they're slain:
They see the triumph from afar,
And soon with Christ shall reign.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

347. C. P. M. HENRY MOORE.*Holiness is Everlasting.*

- 1 ALL earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
Will quickly fade and fly;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
In endless darkness die.
- 2 The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
Or know a sad decay;
Their honours time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
Beam everlasting day.

CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

348. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Offering of Children in Baptism.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!
- 2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
God's guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

349. L. M. WEST BOSTON COLL.*Baptism of a Child.*

- 1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.
- 2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises now.
- 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And labouring for the prize in heaven.

350. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

*"Where two or three are gathered together in my Name,
there am I in the midst of them."*

- 1 ON the first Christian Sabbath eve,
When his disciples met,
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the Scriptures yet:
- 2 Lo! in their midst his form was seen,
The form in which he died,
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
His hands, his feet, his side.

- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And hailed him, yet with fear:
Jesus! again thy presence show;
Meet thy disciples here.
- 4 Be in our midst! let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view,
And make our spirits hear thy voice
Say—"Peace be unto you!"
- 5 And while with thee, in sacred hours,
We commune through thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess—"It is the Lord!"

351. L. M. WATTS.

Institution of the Lord's Supper.

- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When all the powers of darkness rose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes:
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,—
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he said, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

- 5 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

352. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"This do in remembrance of me."

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee.
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

353. C. M. NOEL.

"We love him, because he first loved us."

- 1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel that friends are nigh;
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and woe?
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed;
"Meet, and remember me."
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O, memory, leave no other name
But his, recorded there.

354. S. M. WATTS.

"Whosoever will, let him come!"

- 1 JESUS invites his friends
To meet around his board,
And join in blest communion here
With him, their gracious Lord.
- 2 For us he gave his life;
For us he gave his blood;
To save from sin our thankless race,
And bring them back to God.

355, 356. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his grace,
And he the elder Son.
- 4 Let all our souls unite,
A grateful song to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

355. L. M. DUBLIN COLL.

"Do this in remembrance of me."

- 1 "EAT, drink, in memory of your friend ;"
Such was our Master's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blessed.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou kindest, tenderest, best of friends ;
Thy dying love, the noblest praise
Our hearts can offer thee, transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
Thy table, food celestial yields
To those who give their hearts to thee.

356. L. M. J. STENNETT.

"It is finished."

- 1 "'Tis finished !" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died.
"'Tis finished !" yes ; the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

- 2 "'Tis finished!" all that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 "'Tis finished!" Son of God! thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

357. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Communion with God and Christ.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 Jesus, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful care,
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.
- 3 Here fix my roving heart
In gratitude and love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

358. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart."

- 1 "OH learn of me," the Saviour cried,
"Oh learn of me, ye sons of pride;
For I am lowly, humble, meek,
No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak."

359, 360. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Yes, blest Immanuel ! thou wast mild,
Patient and gentle as a child ;
And they who would thy kingdom see,
Must meek and lowly be like thee.

359. 7s. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Spiritual Nourishment.

- 1 BREAD of heaven ! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread !
- 2 Vine of heaven ! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died ;
Lord of life ! oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee !

360. 8 & 7s. M. EXETER COLL.

After Communion.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

- 3 Love to God and men displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

361. S. M. PARADISE ST. COLL.

The Saviour Commemorated.

- 1 JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board :
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.
- 2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crowned each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.
- 3 Then let our powers unite,
His sacred name to raise ;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.
- 4 And while we share the gifts
Which from his gospel flow,
O, may our hearts, to all mankind,
With warm affection glow.

362. L. M. WATTS.

"Ye show forth the Lord's Death till he come."

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have;
How weak our faith and hope might prove;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his love.
- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

363. C. M. BIRMINGHAM COLL.

"I have given you an Example."

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.
- 4 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honored name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

364. C. M. WATTS.

Song of the Lamb.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For he hath died for us.
- 3 Let all who dwell above the sky,
 In air, on earth, in seas,
Conspire to lift his glories high,
 And speak his endless praise.

365. L. M. WATTS.

After Communion.

- 1 HERE have we seen thy face, O Lord,
And viewed salvation with our eyes ;
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.
- 2 Thy mercy sent thine only Son
To shed his blood before our face ;
The undefiled and Holy One,
To die for man's unworthy race.
- 3 He is the bright, the morning Star ;
He stands beside his Father's throne,
And spreads his beams through earth afar,
And down to ages yet unknown.

366, 367. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

366. 10s. M. BEARD'S COLL.

"And all that believed were together." Acts 4 : 44.

- 1 RESTORE, O Father ! to our times restore
The peace which filled thine infant church of
yore ;
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.
- 2 O never more may differing judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart ;
But linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.
- 3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread one universal day ;
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee,
Parent of peace, and fount of harmony !

367. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The Church below and above.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make ;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

368. C. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

The noble Army of Martyrs.

- 1 THE triumphs of the martyred saints
The joyous lay demand ;
The heart delights in song to dwell
On that victorious band—
Those whom the senseless world abhorred,
Who cast the world aside,
Deeming it worthless, for the sake
Of Christ, their Lord and Guide.
- 2 For Him they braved the tyrant's rage,
The scourge's cruel smart ;
The wild beast's fang their bodies tore,
But vanquished not the heart ;
Like lambs before the sword they fell,
Nor cry nor plaint expressed ;
For patience kept the conscious mind,
And armed the fearless breast.
- 3 What tongue can tell the crown prepared
The martyr's brow to grace ?
His shining robe, his joys unknown,
Before thy glorious face ?
Vouchsafe us, Lord, if such thy will,
Clear skies and seasons calm ;
If not, the martyr's cross to bear,
And win the martyr's palm.

369. S. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.*Thanks for all Saints.*

- 1 For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And strove in him to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

CONFESSION, PENITENCE, DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS, AND
PRAYERS.

370. **L. M.** MORAVIAN.

Devout Penitence.

- 1 MY soul before thee prostrate lies ;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies ;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
O let thy presence set me free.
- 2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore ;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.
- 3 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do ;
Oh ! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

371. **L. M.** DODDRIDGE.

Returning to God.

- 1 LORD, we have wandered from thy way,
Like foolish sheep have gone astray,
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft.
- 2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm ;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

- 3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,
 Nor let us quite forget thy word;
 Our erring feet do thou restore,
 And keep us that we stray no more.

372. L. M. 6 l. WESLEY'S COLL.

Prayer for Forgiveness and Renewal.

- 1 FORGIVE US, for thy mercy's sake,
 Our multitude of sins forgive!
 And for thy own possession take,
 And bid us to thy glory live;
 Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
 Our faith, by our obedient love.
- 2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
 And all thy mighty wonders show!
 Our hidden enemies expel;
 And conquering them, to conquer go,
 Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
 And not one evil thought remain!
- 3 O put it in our inward parts,
 The living law of perfect love!
 Write the new precept in our hearts;
 We shall not then from thee remove,
 Who in thy glorious image shine,
 Thy people, and forever thine!

373. L. M. WATTS.

Self-Inspection and Devotion.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee:
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

374. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"The Goodness of God leadeth us to Repentance."

- 1 GREAT Source of life! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the charms of man's abode,
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;
Kindled by him, by him restored;
And, while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

- 5 So when, by him, our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant may we move
To seats of nobler life above !

375. C. M. NOEL.

The Aspirations of Penitence.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain ;
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'T is not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will ;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light ;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin ;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.
- 5 Oh, let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earthborn woe and care ;
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share !

376. L. M. 6 l. C. WESLEY.*Prayer for the Comforter.*

- 1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

377. 7s. M. MERRICK.*Seeking a Clean Heart.*

- 1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our heart's disguise.
- 2 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thine all-observing eyes,
Let our thoughts accepted rise.
- 3 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, our strength, propitious hear.

378. 8, 6 & 8s. M. WILLS.

"There is Joy in Heaven."

- 1 THERE 's joy in heaven when falls the tear
The mourning sinner sheds;
And angels hope, when mortal fear
In lowliest meekness treads
The path of trial Jesus trod,
To lead the sinner back to God.
- 2 Whose strength, the Spirit—hope, the cross,
And heaven his ceaseless prayer;
To whom all gain is counted loss,
Which may not enter there:
His treasure is laid up above—
His Saviour's unexhausted love.

379. P. M. HEBER.

"There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

- 1 THERE was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When, this goodly world to frame,
The Lord of light and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
"Glory to God in heaven!"
- 2 There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang—"On earth good will,
And glory in the heaven!"

- 3 There is joy in heaven !
 There is joy in heaven !
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns again to virtue's way ;
 When the soul by grace subdued
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in heaven !

380. L. M. 6 l. BOWRING.

Trust in God.

- 1 O LET my trembling soul be still,
 While darkness veils this mortal eye,
 And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
 Wrapt yet in fears and mystery ;
 I cannot, Lord ! thy purpose see ;
 Yet all is well—since ruled by thee.
- 2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
 Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
 I can discern thy light afar,
 Thy light, sweet beaming through thy frown ;
 And, should I faint a moment—then
 I think of thee—and smile again.
- 3 So trusting in thy love, I tread
 The narrow path of duty on ;
 What though some cherish'd joys are fled ?
 What though some flattering dreams are gone ?
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain :
 Why should my spirit then complain ?

381. C. M. MERRICK.*Acquiescence in God's Will.*

- 1 AUTHOR of Good ! to thee we turn ;
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O, let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill ;
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply ;
The good unasked, O Father, grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

382. 7 & 6s. M. RIPPON'S COLL.*Aspirations of Heavenly Desire.*

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,—
Both hastening to their source;
So the spirit, born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Soaring up to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and we know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

383. C. M. T. HUMPHRIES.

“Lord, remember me.”

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart:
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
Good Lord, remember me.

- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 6 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me !

384. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Return to thy rest, O my soul."

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares ;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought ;
From sickness unto death, made whole ;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife ;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest ;—with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe ;
Christ is thy rest ;—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

385. C. M. WATTS.

"O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes."

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,—
'T is a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

386. L. M. TOPLADY.

"Incline my heart unto thy testimonies."

- 1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love ;
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove !

- 2 Father, I dwell in mournful night,
Till thou dost in my heart appear;
Arise, propitious Sun! and light
An everlasting morning there.
- 3 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the promised blessing down;
Eye-sight impart, for I am blind;
And seal me thine adopted son.

387. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"While I was musing, the fire burned."

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent, seek them there;
True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,
True strength to break temptation's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

388. C. P. M. WESLEY'S COLL.*True Wisdom.*

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given!
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

389. L. M. NOEL.*Meditation in the Night Watches.*

- 1 WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
'Then may reflection's brighter power
Illume the lonely midnight hour.
- 2 If hushed the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,
And all the past, a living train,
In sweet remembrance live again.
- 3 Perhaps before my soul appears
The faithful friend of early years,
Who taught my first desires to rise,
And seek their treasure in the skies.

- 4 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
If darkness wraps the sounding sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.
- 5 Tossed on the deep and swelling wave,
O mark my trembling soul, and save ;
Conduct me through the angry sea,
To find my rest, and heaven in thee.

390. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Watchfulness.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or wrong desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make !
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

391. S. M. WATTS.*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 O may we see his face,
And never, never sin,—
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 3 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

392. 7s. M. CONDER.*Our Daily Bread.*

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell:
O, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

- 2 "Day by day," the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.
- 5 O to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

393. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God.

- 1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return !
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame :
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

394. C. M. COWPER.

Resignation and Trust.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.

- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway;
 Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

395. L. M. COWPER.

Peace after Trouble.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears;
 Then, gracious Father, then I find,
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
 And mourn that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee!
- 3 Oh! let me then at length be taught
 What I am still so slow to learn;
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious child is still.

- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
 Be shame and self-confusion mine.

396. L. M. WATTS.

The Humble and Pure Accepted.

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One :
 "I sit upon my holy throne ;
 My name is God, I dwell on high,
 Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 "But I descend to worlds below ;
 On earth I have a mansion too ;
 The humble spirit, and contrite,
 Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 "The humble soul my words revive ;
 I bid the mourning sinner live ;
 Heal all the broken hearts I find,
 And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 Immortal wealth, and heavenly gain ;
 Eternal life is his reward,
 Life, and the favour of the Lord."

397. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays."
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

398. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Pray to thy Father which seeth in secret."

- 1 FATHER divine! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 O may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid
With every early morning ray,
And every evening shade.

- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care ;
To thee my soul shall soar,
With grateful praise and fervent prayer,
Thy goodness to adore.
- 4 O hear us, Father, when to thee
Our secret steps return ;
And, kindled by the heavenly fire,
Let fragrant incense burn.

399. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear :
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward parts :—
- 4 Give deep humility ;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;—
A strong desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live ;—
- 5 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

- 6 Give these,—and then thy will be done,—
 Thus strengthened with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

400. C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed—
 That mercy I adore !
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;—
 That heart shall rest on thee !

401. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

“Ask, and ye shall receive.”

- 1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies,—thou,
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.
- 6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,—
In thee may we have peace.

402. 7s. M. METHODIST COLL.

"I will that men pray everywhere."

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place ;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness, in our health ;
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father, come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present everywhere.

403. 7s. M. MRS. HEMANS.

"I will that men pray everywhere."

- 1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave ;
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

- 2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

404. C. M. COWPER.

Lonely Devotion.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Father, thou art mine!

405, 406.

PRAYER.

- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

405. S. M. C. WESLEY.*Watching unto Prayer.*

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;
To serve the present age ;
My calling to fulfil :
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
The strict account to give ;
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

406. L. M. 6 l. MERRICK.*Prayer for Divine Guidance.*

- 1 WHILE here, as wandering sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way ;
Dispose our hearts, with sacred awe,
To love thy word and keep thy law ;
That, by thy guiding footsteps led,
Our feet the paths of truth may tread.

- 2 Great Source of light to all below !
Teach us thy holy will to know ;
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight ;
In every heart let wisdom shine,
And give us purity divine.
- 3 Maker, Instructor, Judge of all !
Oh hear us when on thee we call ;
Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O Lord, inspire ;
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise.

407. L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

- 1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord ! thy way ;
So, to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.
- 2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.
- 3 Give me to know thy words aright,
Thy words, my soul's supreme delight ;
That, purged from thirst of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.
- 4 O turn from vanity mine eye ;
To me thy quickening strength supply ;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

408. L. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.*Prayer for Divine Help.*

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go ;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do ;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.
- 2 Enrich me alway with thy love ;
My kind protection ever prove ;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- 3 Assist and teach me how to pray ;
Incline my nature to obey ;
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee ;
And only love what pleases thee.
- 4 O may I never do my will,
But thine and only thine fulfil ;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

409. S. M. WESLEY'S COLL.*Prayer for Christian Principles.*

- 1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer :
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly :
A spirit still prepared
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 3 I rest upon thy word ;
The promise is for me :
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

410. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Christian Temper.

- 1 ALMIGHTY MAKER ! Lord of all !
Of life the only spring !
Creator of unnumbered worlds !
Supreme, eternal King !
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride ;
Nor let me, in forbidden paths,
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

- 4 Let not despair nor fell revenge
 Be to my bosom known :
 Oh ! give me tears for others' woes,
 And patience for my own.
- 5 Feed me with necessary food ;
 I ask not wealth or fame ;
 Give me an eye to see thy will,
 A heart to bless thy name.
- 6 May still my days serenely pass,
 Without remorse or care ;
 And growing holiness my soul
 For life's last hour prepare.

411. L. M. HENRY MOORE.

Prayer for Religious Principle.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
 A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
 Where foes alarm and dangers threat,
 And pleasures kill, and glories cheat :
- 2 Shed down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray,
 To guide me in the doubtful way ;
 And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
 To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
 In which the thoughtless many run,
 Who for a shade the substance miss,
 And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth or pride,
 Allure my wandering soul aside ;
 But through this maze of mortal ill,
 Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

412. C. M. METHODIST COLL.*The New Heart.*

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels the blood
Of Him who died for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
The great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who reigns within :
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
O God, resembling thine.
- 5 Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above,
And deeply write in every heart
Thy new, best name of love.

413. C. M. SMART.*Prayer for Prudence and Wisdom.*

- 1 FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart;
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

414. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom. 2 Chron. 1.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honours which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

- 4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

415. L. M. HENRY MOORE.

Prayer for Religious Principle.

- 1 SUPREME and universal light !
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below.
- 2 Assist us, Lord ! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree :
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
Of this world's varying good or ill.
- 4 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 5 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

416. C. M. SALISBURY COLL.

Prayer for Heavenly Direction.

- 1 THINE influence, mighty God, is felt
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, in earth, in seas and skies,
Thy sacred presence found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need,
While journeying here below ;
O, cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show.
- 3 Father of light ! thy aid impart
To guide us on our way ;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will ;
Thy grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

417. L. M. EXETER COLL.

Prayer for Steadfastness and Watchfulness.

- 1 GREAT GOD, my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend,
To thee I raise my humble prayer.
- 2 Endue me with a holy fear ;
The frailty of my heart reveal ;
Sin and its snares are always near ;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

- 3 O that to thee my constant mind
 May with a steady flame aspire,
 Pride in its earliest motions find,
 And check the rise of wrong desire !
- 4 O that my watchful soul may fly
 The first-perceived approach of sin,
 Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
 And feel thy fear control within !
- 5 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart ;
 From guilt and error set me free ;
 Thy light and truth and peace impart,
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

418. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 FATHER in heaven ! thy sacred name
 In hallowed strains be sung ;
 Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth ;
 Thy praise fill every tongue.
- 2 By happy spirits round thy throne
 As thy commands are done,
 So be thy perfect will obeyed
 By all beneath the sun.
- 3 Our numerous wants are known to thee,
 Who canst alone supply ;
 O grant each day our daily bread,
 Nor other good deny.
- 4 Forgive our sins as we forgive
 The wrongs that others do ;
 Nor let temptations press around,
 Lest we those sins renew.

- 5 Thou art our safety and defence,
When dangers threatening stand;
O turn aside impending ills
With thy Almighty hand.
- 6 Thy sceptre all creation sways;
Thy power knows no control;
Thy matchless glory shall endure
While endless ages roll.

419. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

"The Lord's Prayer."

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now!
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

420. L. M. BIRMINGHAM COLL.*The Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 FATHER, adored in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care ;
Forgive the sins which we forsake ;
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour ;
Thy kind protection we implore :
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

421. S. M. JOHNS.*"Thy kingdom come."*

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love !
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God !
And make the broad earth thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God !
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

422. C. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

"Thy kingdom come."

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man ;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.
- 3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin ;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS.

PIETY.

423. C. M. SALISBURY COLL.

"Remember thy Creator, in the days of thy youth."

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blessed eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

424. C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

Heavenly Wisdom.

- 1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !

- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.
- 4 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

425. C. M. **BP. HEBER.**

Early Religion.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !
- 5 O Thou, who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own !

426. C. M. WATTS.

Early Piety.

- 1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'T is easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.
- 4 'T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our growing years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, almighty God ! to thee
Our childhood we resign :
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

- 6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath :
Thus, we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

427. L. M. 61. E. TAYLOR.

"Remember thy Creator, while the evil days come not."

- 1 TRULY the light of morn is sweet,
And sweet it is to see the sun ;
But, cheerful though the hours may fleet,
And years pass gaily one by one,
O blot not, reckless, from thy mind
The thought of darker days behind !
- 2 Rejoice, O child of mortal birth !
In all the pride of youth rejoice ;
And let the beauteous things of earth
Allure thine eye, invite thy choice ;
Yet know, for blessings freely given,
Thine is a large account in heaven.
- 3 And O remember, ere the day,
The evil day, of grief shall come,
When all the joy is passed away,
And nought is left but gathering gloom,—
Remember, ere thy pleasures pall,
Him first and last, who gave them all !

428. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

"My Father, thou art the Guide of my youth."

- 1 FROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared ;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

- 2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!
- 4 Oh let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

429. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*"Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not
when my strength faileth."*

- 1 WHEN in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led:
- 2 How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold!
What countless dangers will be past,
What tales of sorrow told!
- 3 But yet, my soul, if thou canst say
I've seen my God in all;
In every blessing owned his hand,
In every loss his call:
- 4 If piety has marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,
And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned:

- 5 If I an aged servant am
 Of Jesus and of God,
 I need not fear the closing scene,
 Nor dread the appointed road.
- 6 This scene will all my labours end;
 This road conduct on high;
 With comfort I'll review the past,
 And triumph though I die.

430. C. M. WATTS.

Old Age anticipated.

- 1 MY GOD! my everlasting hope!
 I live upon thy truth;
 Thy hands have borne my childhood up,
 And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 My frame was fashioned by thy power,
 With all these limbs of mine;
 And since my life's first dawning hour,
 I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year;
 Behold, my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
 And shadows dim mine eyes;
 And round me let thy glory shine
 Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the history of my age,
 When men review my days,
 They'll read thy love in every page,
 In every line thy praise.

431. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Seeing the Invisible.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King !
Thy peerless splendours none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory 's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great God, to thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing, raptured soul,
The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart !
Witness to its supreme desire ;
Behold it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge—
To bear thee ever in its sight :
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight !

432. L. M. 61. BP. HEBER.

The Refuge of the Soul.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here ;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray :
Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away !

433, 434. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay:
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away!

433. 10s. M. DR. JOHNSON.

Imploring Divine Light.

- 1 O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds
presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom
guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest!
From thee, great God! we spring, to thee
we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

434. S. M. WATTS.

Seeking God.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

- 3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

435. L. M. WATTS.

"Truly my soul waiteth upon God."

- 1 My spirit looks to God alone:
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is his eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."
- 4 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

436, 437. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

436. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

"O God, my soul thirsteth for thee."

- 1 O God! thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.
- 3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?
- 5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy, I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

437. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

A Vision of God.

- 1 MY God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy,
To all the flattering world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
My brightest joys decline;
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wandering heart of mine.
- 3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee;
Unsatisfied I stray;
Break through the shades of sense and sin
With thy enlivening ray.
- 4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.
- 5 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys;
Then shall I scorn each little snare
Which this vain world employs.
- 6 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
To life I shall awake;
And, in the likeness of my God,
Of heavenly bliss partake.

438. C. M. DODDRIDGE.*The Knowledge of God.*

- 1 SHINE forth, Eternal source of light!
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thine own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.

- 3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill ;
True science is to read thy name,
True life to obey thy will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

439. S. M. PATRICK.

The Fatherly Love of God.

- 1 God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way,
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.
- 3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 Oh ! ever keep my soul
From error, shame and guilt ;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

440. 8 & 7s. M. WESLEY'S COLL.*The Love of God.*

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father ! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

441. L. M. WESLEY'S COLL.*The Bread from Heaven.*

1 FATHER ! supply my every need ;
Sustain the life thyself hast given ;
Oh ! grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven !

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more !

442, 443. THE LOVE OF GOD.

442. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Bands of Love.

- 1 My God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
Thy power and truth and love combine
To lead our souls along.
- 2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
Thy mercy takes away;
Thy grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 3 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory, through unnumbered years,
Thy sacred word bestows.
- 4 Drawn by such cords, our hearts shall move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captive in the willing chain,
We fall before thy feet.

443. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Walking with God.

- 1 THrice happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,—
In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

444. L. M. 6 l. MORAVIAN.

The Hidden Love of God.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee :
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.
 O when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Oh ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.

445. L. M. J. F. OBERLIN.

Clinging to God.

- 1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart :
 Henceforth my chief desire shall be
 To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
 One thought shall fill my soul with joy :
 That silent, secret thought shall be,
 That all my hopes are fixed on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
 Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;
 And whereso'er my lot may be,
 Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.
- 4 Renouncing every earthly thing,
 And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
 My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
 That all I want I find in thee.

446. 7s. M. 6 l. MONTGOMERY.

The Soul Panting for God.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks;
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

447. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Devotion to God.

- 1 My gracious God, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?
- 3 Thy work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
Thy love hath animating power.

448. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Subjection to the Father of our Spirits.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought !
Be all beneath thyself forgot ;
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They wondering to their Father rise ;
His power how vast ! his thoughts how wise !
- 3 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace ;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe and filial love.

449. C. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

Peace with God.

- 1 FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—
- 2 “ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 “ Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.”

450. S. M. HERBERT.

"Do all to the glory of God."

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

451. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Living to the Glory of God.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

- 3 With thee let every week begin,
 With thee each day be spent;
 For thee each fleeting hour improved,
 Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
 Till all our labours cease,
 And heaven refresh our weary souls
 With everlasting peace.

452. L. M. 6l. MORAVIAN.

Living to God.

- 1 O DRAW me, Father, after thee !
 So shall I run and never tire ;
 With gracious words still comfort me ;
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire ;
 Free me from every weight ; nor fear
 Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 2 From all eternity, with love
 Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.
- 3 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
 In weakness be thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 My God ! in that most solemn hour,
 In death as life be thou my guide,
 And bear me through death's whelming tide

453. L. M. KEEBLE.

"Not that thou wouldst take them out of the world, but keep them from its evil."

- 1 SWEET is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.
- 2 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
- 3 We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

454. 11s. M. MONTGOMERY.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I
know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm shall befall, with my Comforter near.

- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
 o'er,
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
 O what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy king-
 dom of love.

455. 7s. M. MERRICK.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

- 1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
 Want shall never more be mine:
 In a pasture fair and large,
 He shall feed his happy charge.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet
 To the streams that still and slow
 Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 He my soul anew shall frame,
 And, his mercy to proclaim,
 When through devious paths I stray,
 Teach my steps the better way.
- 4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
 Thou with oil refreshed my head;
 Filled by thee, my cup o'erflows;
 For thy love no limit knows.
- 5 Constant, to my latest end,
 Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
 And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
 Yield me an eternal home.

456. C. M. STERNHOLD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

- 1 My Shepherd is the living Lord,
I therefore nothing need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.
- 2 He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.
- 3 Yea, though I walk the vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And thou art with me still.
- 4 And, in the presence of my foes,
My table thou shalt spread;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou
Anointed hast my head.
- 5 Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shown to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

457. L. M. 6 l. ADDISON.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

458. S. M. SCOTT, ALT'D.

"Doth not Wisdom cry?"

- 1 'Tis Wisdom's earnest cry,
Wisdom, the voice of God;
To young and old, the low and high,
She speaks his will abroad.
- 2 Within the human breast
Her strong monitions plead;
She thunders her divine protest
Against the unrighteous deed.
- 3 Within the holy place,
She calls, with open arms,—
"How long, ye fools, will you embrace
Folly's deceiving charms?"

4 "My joys unsensual taste;
Come, drink of wisdom's wine;
No sorrow poisons my repast,
The banquet is divine.

5 "My ways are ways of peace;
My pleasures never cloy;
The bliss I give will never cease,
But lead to endless joy."

459. L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

"Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect."

- 1 GREAT Author of the immortal mind !
For noblest thoughts and views designed,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.
- 2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.
- 3 Father, I see thy sun arise,
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.
- 4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed a hungry foe.
- 5 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the sins which I have done;
O, may the grace which pardons me,
Constrain me to forgive like thee !

460. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Law of the Lord.

- 1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.
- 2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.
- 3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.
- 4 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

461. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The True Riches.

- 1 OUR joy is a created good;
How soon it fades away!
Fades, at the morning hour bestowed,
Before the noon of day.
- 2 Joy, by its violent excess,
To certain ruin tends;
And all our rapturous happiness
In hasty sorrow ends.

- 3 In vain doth earthly bliss afford
A momentary shade ;
It rises like the prophet's gourd,
And withers o'er our head.
- 4 But of the Saviour's love possessed,
No more for earth we pine ;
Secure of everlasting rest
Beneath the heavenly vine.

462. L. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

The Riches of Heavenly Wisdom.

- 1 HAPPY the man, who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compared to her.
- 3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise ;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honour that descends from God.
- 4 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, innocent delights :
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.
- 5 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains ;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

463. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The True Riches.

- 1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfined
Amidst the unbounded scene of things
Which entertain the mind :
- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor
To make us fully blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
Each false and flattering wile ;
For what can yield a real joy,
But our Creator's smile ?
- 4 Let earth with all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Thy favour, Lord, is all we want,
Here would our spirit rest ;
O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make us fully blest.

464. L. M. WATTS.

The Blessings of Piety.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad road which sinners tread ;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And hears the scoffer's tongue with dread :

- 2 Who loves to spend the morning light
In high communion with the Lord,
And pass the wakeful hours of night
In pondering o'er his holy word.
- 3 He, like the plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And Heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.
- 4 Not so the thoughtless and profane!
As dust before the tempest flies,
So shall their flattering hopes be vain,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

465. S. M. SCOTT.*The Changes of Life.*

- 1 As various as the moon
Is man's estate below;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.
- 2 The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.
- 3 Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given;
His dark and shining hours advance
By the fixed laws of Heaven.
- 4 God measures unto all
Their lot of good or ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordained by wisest will.

- 5 Let man conform his mind
To every changing state ;
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
And the great issue wait.
- 6 Hopeful and humble, bear
Thine evil and thy good :
Nor, by presumption nor despair,
Weak mortal, be subdued.

466. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

"The fashion of this world passeth away."

- 1 How long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies ?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay ;
They fade upon the sight :
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above earth's gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 4 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 5 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

- 6 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

467. C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

Contemplation of the Judgment.

- 1 O God! mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 3 Then, Father, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

468. L. M. BOWRING.

Light in Darkness.

- 1 If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prison'd in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;

- 2 O, what could check the rising sigh,
 What earthly thing could pleasure give?
 O, who would venture then to die—
 O, who could then endure to live?
- 3 And such were life, without the ray
 From our divine religion given;
 'T is *this* that makes our darkness day;
 'T is *this* that makes our earth a heaven.
- 4 Bright is the golden sun above,
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom;
 And all is joy, and all is love,
 Reflected from a world to come.

469. C. M. WATTS.

The righteous are in the hands of God.

- 1 My God, the steps of righteous men
 Are ordered by thy will;
 Though they should fall they rise again,
 Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
 Their portion and their home;
 God feeds them now, and makes them heirs
 Of blessings long to come.
- 3 For them, when earthly streams are low,
 And mortal comforts die,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise their pleasures high.
- 4 Though all created light decay,
 And death seal up their eyes;
 Thy presence makes eternal day
 Spring upward in the skies.

- 5** Beyond the heavens' created rounds
 Their glorious hopes extend;
 Their life outlasts the narrow bounds
 Where time and nature end.

470. 10s. M. SIR JOHN DAVIES.

"O, what is man?"

- 1** OH! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
 That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
 That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
 Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!
- 2** Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly power,
 What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire!
 How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
 Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!
- 3** Nor hast thou given these blessings for a day,
 Nor made them on the body's life depend;
 The soul, though made in time, survives for
 aye;
 And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

471. C. M. COWPER.

"The way of man is not in himself."

- 1** WEAK and irresolute is man:
 The purpose of to-day,
 Woven with pains into his plan,
 To-morrow rends away.
- 2** Some foe to his upright intent
 Finds out his weaker part;
 Virtue engages his assent,
 But pleasure wins his heart.

- 3 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
Through dangers little known;
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

472. L. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O! whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O God, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

473. C. M. SCOTT.

"God giveth the Victory."

- 1 THE swift not always in the race
Shall win the crowning prize ;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.
- 2 Fond mortals but themselves beguile
When on themselves they rest :
Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.
- 3 Evil and good before thee stand,
Thy missions to perform ;
The blessing comes at thy command,
At thy command the storm.
- 4 O Lord, in all our ways we'll own
Thy providential power,
Intrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

474. C. M. WATTS.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."

- 1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time ;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his honours here :
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

475. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Hope laid up in Heaven.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies ;
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.
- 2 He knows that all these fleeting things
Must yield to sure decay ;
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they pass away.
- 3 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view ; his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.
- 4 His hopes, still fixed on joys to come,
Those blissful scenes on high,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom
When time, and nature die.

476. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"My times are in thy hand."

- 1 To THEE, my God, my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die ;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

477. 7s. M. RYLAND.

"My times are in thy hand."

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise !
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

- 2 Thou didst form me by thy power ;
Thou wilt guide me hour by hour ;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree ;
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief ;
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove ;
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
All is fixed, the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

478. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here, nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 't is found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

- 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

479. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praising God in all Changes.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honours of thy name;
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 In every period of my life,
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each lengthening year.
- 3 In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see:
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 4 In every changing state of life,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 5 Then will I close my eyes in death,
Free from distressing fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

480. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

Praising God through all Changes.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

481. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praising God in Life and Death.

- 1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ :
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And though these lips shall cease to move,
Though death shall close these eyes,
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.
- 6 Then shall my powers in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay :
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

482. L. M. DODDRIDGE.*Praising God in Life and in Death.*

- 1 God of my life ! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more;
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

483. L. M. BROWNE.

Dependence on Providence.

- 1 GREAT Lord of earth and seas and skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secured from every harm.
- 2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And every rising want relieves.
- 3 To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
On thee we ever will depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.

484. S. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Way of God with the Spirit.

- 1 'TIS God the spirit leads
In paths before unknown :
The work to be performed is ours ;
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way ;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will ;
'Tis he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

485. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Religion our Guide in Life and Death.

- 1 THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting trav'ler winds his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.
- 2 Thus mortals, blind and weak, below,
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;
The world 's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain !
- 3 Till mild Religion, from above,
Descends, a sweet, engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm !

- 4 Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod ;
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God.
- 5 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.
- 6 At her approach the grave appears
The gate of Paradise restored ;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double, flaming sword.
- 7 Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the host of heaven expire,
And reign with God, forever reign.

486. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"For he knoweth our frame."

- 1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.

- 4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load :
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.
- 5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

487. 7s. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Praise in Prosperity and in Adversity.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ ;
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use :
- 3 Flocks, that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds, that drop their fattening dews,
Suns, that temperate warmth diffuse :
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
- 5 These to thee, our God ! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green, untimely fruit:
- 7 Should thine altered hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy:
- 8 Still to thee our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee—for thyself alone.

488. L. M. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Pillar of a Cloud and the Pillar of Fire.

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray!
- 4 And O, when gathers on our path,
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

489. C. M. MILMAN.

"Lord, be thou my Helper."

- 1 Oh help us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 Oh help us, Father ! from on high,
We know no help but thee ;
Oh ! help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

490. L. M. 6 l. H. WARE, JR.

[Written in sickness, March, 1836.]

Prayer for Peace in God.

- 1 FATHER, thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul ;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to thy control ;
And pray, that while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

- 2 The errors of my heart I know ;
I feel my deep infirmities ;
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise :
But like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.
- 3 Forgive the weakness I deplore ;
And let thy peace abound in me ;
That I may trust myself no more,
But wholly cast myself on thee.
Oh ! let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine.

491. L. M. HUTTON.

The Mighty God our Refuge.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah, slow to wrath,
In awful glory holds his seat ;
In storms and whirlwinds hides his path,
And treads the clouds beneath his feet.
- 2 He chides the sea—and it is dry !
He smites the streams—they waste away—
Carmel's and Bashan's pastures die,
And flowers of Lebanon decay.
- 3 The mountains shake beneath his look ;
Hills melt—earth's old foundations burn :
What might can stand his fierce rebuke,
Which bids the rocks to overturn !
- 4 How safe are they who trust his power,
Who fix their hearts and hopes above !
He is their shield in danger's hour,
And heals their sorrows with his love.

492. C. M. WATTS.*God our Refuge and Hope.*

- 1 God, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 4 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 5 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

493. S. M. M. McGUION.*The Water of Life.*

- 1 THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

- 2 But shallow cisterns yield
 A scanty, short supply;
 The morning sees them amply filled,
 At evening they are dry.
- 3 The cisterns I forsake,
 O fount of bliss, for thee!
 My thirst with living waters slake,
 And drink eternity.

494. C. M. COWPER.

"God will provide."

- 1 WHEN Hagar found the bottle spent,
 And wept o'er Ishmael,
 A message from the Lord was sent
 To guide her to a well.
- 2 Should not Elijah's cake and cruse
 Convince us, at this day,
 A gracious God will not refuse
 Provisions by the way?
- 3 His saints and servants shall be fed,
 The promise is secure;
 "Bread shall be given them," as he said,
 "Their water shall be sure."
- 4 Repasts far richer they shall prove,
 Than all earth's dainties are;
 'T is sweet to taste a Saviour's love,
 Though in the meanest fare.
- 5 To Jesus, then, your trouble bring,
 Nor murmur at your lot;
 While you are poor, and he is King,
 You shall not be forgot.

495. C. M. DODDRIDGE.*God our Salvation and Happiness.*

- 1 How long shall dreams of creature-bliss
Our flattering hopes employ,
And mock our fond, deluded eyes
With visionary joy?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought?
While our eternal Rock's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot.
- 3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view;
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our hearts on thee.

496. L. M. BEARD'S COLL.*God's Care our Comfort.*

- 1 OH! sweet it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wanderings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from thy notice, from thy care.
- 2 When disciplined by long distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe,
Say, dost thou love thy children less?
No! ever-gracious Father, no!

- 3 No distance can outreach thine eye,
No night obscure thy endless day :
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

497. L. M. MORAVIAN.

"He will be our Guide even unto death."

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light ;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe ;
O God, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

498. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Trust in God's Word.

- 1 WHEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain,
My trembling heart dismay,
My feeble strength, alas, how vain,
It sinks and dies away.

- 2 My spirit asks a firmer prop;
 I lean upon the Lord;
 My God, the pillar of my hope
 Is thy unchanging word.
- 3 On this are built the brightest joys
 Celestial beings know;
 And 't is the same almighty voice
 Supports the saints below.
- 4 'T is this upholds the rolling spheres,
 And heaven's immortal frame;
 Then let my soul suppress her fears,—
 My basis is the same.
- 5 Thy sacred word, thy solemn oath,
 Forever must remain;
 I trust in everlasting truth,
 Nor shall my trust be vain.

499. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Trust in the Presence and Help of God.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
 To dissipate our fear?
 Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
 Our God forever near?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth,
 And bears up all the skies,
 Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
 When dangers round us rise?
- 3 On this support our souls shall lean,
 And banish every care;
 The gloomy vale of death will smile,
 If God be with us there.

- 4 While we his gracious succour prove,
Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades, through which we pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

500. L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

"Thou art my Helper, O my God."

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress, and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 4 Then who deserves to be adored,
But God on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

501. L. M. MRS. COTTERILL.

Subjection to the Divine Will.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

502. C. M. J. NEWTON.

Trust in God.

- 1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell;
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 He helped his saints in ancient days
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness to his praise,—
His love is still the same.
- 4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

6 Let us enjoy and highly prize
The tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship thee above.

503. S. M. MORAVIAN.

Reliance on God.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, God counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He every where hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 4 Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee:
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

- 6 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

504. L. M. J. ROSCOE.

Grateful Reliance on God

- 1 How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this grateful heart to glow;
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of thy mercy flow!
- 2 How calmly rolls the sea of life;
Secure in thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.
- 3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.
- 4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care;
And the blest record thou wilt own.

505. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reliance on the Mercy of God.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

506. L. M. BEDDOME.

Submission.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will !
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let one murmuring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work,—the cause conceals ;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confessed
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

507. L. M. BRYANT.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

- 1 DEEM not that they are blessed alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God, who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that now o'erflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnest of serener years.
- 3 O, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

508. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The voice of Divine Pardon.

- 1 MY Father! let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

- 2 With gentle smile call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven :
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread ;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know ;
The hand which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

509. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

Mercy to the Penitent.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat !
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul !
- 2 Did ever, Lord, thy gracious ear
The contrite prayer disdain ?
Or when did misery humbly sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

- 5 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
And bless the friendly ray
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

510. C. M. WEST BOSTON COLL.

God's Chastisements wise and just.

- 1 IF Providence, to try my heart,
Afflictions should prepare,
To God submissive may I bend,
And keep me from despair.
- 2 Whate'er he orders must be just;
Then let me kiss the rod,
Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust
The goodness of my God.
- 3 The mind to which I owe my own,
To guide this mind is wise;
And he, to whom my faults are known,
The fittest to chastise.
- 4 Then, till life's latest sands are run,
O teach me, Power Divine!
Still to reply, thy will be done,
Whate'er becomes of mine.

511. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Religion the only Comforter.

- 1 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart:
To ease the heavy load of care
Which nature must, but cannot bear?

- 2 Can reason's dictates be obeyed ?
Too weak, alas, her strongest aid ;
O let religion then be nigh,
Whose consolations never die.
- 3 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her strong control ;
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage,
While she unfolds the sacred page.
- 4 Then, gentle Patience smiles on pain ;
Then, dying Hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
While Faith points upward to the sky.

512. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Weeping Seed-Time and Joyful Harvest. Ps. 126.

- 1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers !
Troubled with storms, and big with showers,
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But Nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive ;
God bids the soul that seeks him live ;
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown ;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

513. C. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

God our Reliance in Affliction.

- 1 FATHER of lights! thy needful aid
To us that ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.
- 2 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity,
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!
- 3 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art!
Above the world, and all its power,
And greater than our heart.
- 4 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
'Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end.

514. L. M. DRUMMOND.

"Affliction cometh not forth of the dust."

- 1 AFFLICTION's faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and downcast eye,
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scattered o'er her head.

- 2 But deem her not a child of earth ;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth ;
Beside the throne of God she stands,
To execute his dread commands.
- 3 Oft as in pleasure's paths we stray,
Perplexed in sin's deceitful way,
With storms she thunders o'er our heads,
And sudden ruin round us spreads.
- 4 The messenger of grace, she flies
To train us for our home, the skies ;
And, onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.
- 5 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn ;
Her lips these soothing words reveal,—
“ God smiles to bless, he wounds to heal !”

515. L. M. BOWRING.

The Mysteries of Affliction.

- 1 MYSTERIOUS are the ways of God,
And fear and blindness oft repine ;
We murmur 'neath his chastening rod,
Because we read not his design.
- 2 Impending clouds his love has spread
O'er this low vale where mortals dwell ;
And oft we mourn his Spirit fled,
When adverse tempests round us swell.
- 3 But in those storms that sometimes roll,
Our mortal dwellings dark above,
Whose threatening shades dismay the soul,
Dwells the bright presence of his love.

- 4 We cannot see him—not a ray
Of all his glory there appears;
And oft we thread our darkened way,
Trembling with anxious doubts and fears.
- 5 Yet faith still looks beyond the gloom,
While hope's bright star illumines our night;
Pilgrims of earth! though dark the tomb,
It leads to scenes of bliss and light.

516. L. M. ROSCOE.

Trust in Affliction.

- 1 MY Father! when around me spread
I see the shadows of the tomb,
And life's bright visions droop and fade,
And darkness veils my future doom:
- 2 O, in that anguished hour I turn,
With a still trusting heart, to thee,
And holy thoughts still shine and burn
Amid that cold, sad destiny.
- 3 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dim with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone;
But are not ours the immortal years?
- 4 Father! forgive the heart that clings
Thus trembling to the joys of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.
- 5 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust
Like shadows of the night remove.

- 6 E'en now above there's radiant day,
 While clouds and darkness brood below:
 Then, Father, joyful on my way
 To drink thy bitter cup I go.

517. C. M. FERGUS.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."

- 1 LORD, every blessing is from thee;
 And shall we now repine,
 If thou hast taken to thyself,
 That which was only thine?
- 2 We know that we are sinful, poor,
 Helpless, and weak, and blind;
 We know that thou art merciful,
 Beneficent and kind.
- 3 Thy gracious wisdom knoweth when
 To make alive or kill;
 Then teach us to resign ourselves,
 Our all, unto thy will.
- 4 Thou art the great Omnipotent,
 And we are nought but clay;
 Blessed be thou when thou dost give,
 And when thou tak'st away.

518. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Resignation.

- 1 ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
 When I am wholly thine,
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.

- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.
- 5 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."
- 6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

519. L. M. CHATTERTON.*Resignation.*

- 1 O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy, in thy justice, praise.
- 2 The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial night,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal does is right.

- 3 O teach me, in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the rising tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy power,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.
- 4 O, then, with fortitude resigned,
 I'll thank the inflictor of the blow;
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.
- 5 The gloomy mantle of the night,
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,
 Will vanish at the morning light,
 Which God, my hope and trust, reveals.

520. L. M. NORTON.

Submission through Faith.

- 1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought
 E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
 The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
 Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
 That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Thy frail and erring child must know;
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ;
 Thy purposes of love fulfil;
 And, mid the wreck of human joy,
 Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

521. L. M. 61. GRANT.

"He is able to save unto the uttermost."

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few;
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
In patience bore each human pain;
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

522. 7s. M. CENNICK.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Fear not, brethren; lo! we stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus, from its summit won,
Bids you, undismayed go on.
- 4 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

LIFE, DEATH AND FUTURITY.

L I F E .

523. **L. M.** **HEBER.**

“Why stand ye here all the day idle?”

- 1 THE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
“No longer stand ye idle here!”
- 2 “Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are
clear,
Waste not of hope, the morning light!
Ah, fools! why stand ye idle here!
- 3 “Oh, as the griefs you would assuage
That wait on life’s declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker’s business here.
- 4 “And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your wasted day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?”
- 5 Oh Thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner’s soul is dear!
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to please thee here!

524. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Repentance and Holy Resolve.

- 1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace !
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its blessings still it pours ;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Our former follies, Lord, we mourn ;
And now thy grace implore
To guide our often erring steps,
That we may stray no more.
- 4 Aided by energy divine,
May we more steadfast prove ;
And with determined zeal press on,
To gain thy courts above.
- 5 So, by thy power, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way ;
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

525. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Redeeming the Time.

- 1 God of eternity ! from thee
Did infant time its being draw ;
Moments and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and swift they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne,
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom! teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

526. C. M. WATTS.

Frailty of Life.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To bring us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And, if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

527. C. M. J. NEWTON.

The Vanity of Life.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us often pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has filled the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high!

528. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Uncertainty of Life.

- 1 To-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy Almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care:
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

529. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that Sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies:
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome, each closing year!

- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

530. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"Looking for another country, that is an heavenly."

- 1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.
- 4 Oh! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.
- 5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long, we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

531. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

"The fathers, where are they?"

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys, and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth, and honour gone.
- 3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

532. C. M. EXETER COLL.

"Give an account of thy stewardship."

- 1 THE time draws near when every soul
Its last account shall give;
When its whole life shall be surveyed
By him who bade it live.
- 2 How many talents, O my God,
Hast thou bestowed on me!
And yet how few can there be found
Devoted, Lord, to thee!

- 3 My health, my time, my worldly store,
And thy more precious word,
Thy talents are, for which I must
Account to thee, my Lord.
- 4 Much of my time, alas, is lost,
And much have I misspent:
How careless of my grand concern,
On trifles how intent!
- 5 O may the slothful servant's doom
My earnest care excite;
Each talent may I well improve,
And in thy word delight.

533. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"He cometh forth like a flower."

- 1 FEW, few, and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born!
Peril and trouble haunt thy ways:
Forth, like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms to the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night;
Man, like a shadow, flees.
- 2 And dost thou look on such a one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?—
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer-brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
His life is vanity,

- 3 Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
O hide me till thy wrath be past,
Thou who canst slay or save!
Hide me where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave.

534. C. M. WATTS.

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made."

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And fails, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to the Almighty Name
That reared us from the dust!
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

535. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Journey of Life.

- 1 I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown;
I travel like a bird in flight,
Onward, and all alone.
- 2 Just such a pilgrimage is life;
Hurried from stage to stage,
Our wishes with our lot at strife,
Through childhood to old age.
- 3 The world is seldom what it seems—
To man, who dimly sees,
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities.
- 4 The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is called away,
Are but the watches of a night,
And death the dawn of day.

536. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

The Shortness of Life.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.
- 2 "He lived,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

- 3 O Father ! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie ;
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

537. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

"Make me to know mine end."

- 1 THE term of life assigned to man
Is transient as a passing shade ;
Its longest period is a span,
And in the bud his honours fade.
- 2 He walks but in an empty show,
Vexed and disquieted in vain ;
To unknown heirs his wealth must flow,
And he to dust return again.
- 3 So let us number, then, our days,
That we may know how frail we are ;
Call to remembrance all our ways,
And for eternity prepare.

538. C. M. LOGAN.

The Prayer of Jacob. Gen. 28.

- 1 O GOD of Abram ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led !

- 2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race !
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide !
- 4 O, spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace !
- 5 Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we 'll adore.

539. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

Man Frail, and God Eternal. Ps. 90.

- 1 O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race ;
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.
- 2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or earth received its frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.
- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'T is instantly obeyed.

- 4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.
- 5 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

540. C. M. WATTS.

"From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."

- 1 OUR GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men!"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

541. L. M. MERRICK.

"O spare me, before I go hence and be no more."

- 1 O LET me, heavenly Lord, extend
 My view to life's approaching end !
 What are my days ? a span their line ;
 And what my age compared with thine ?
- 2 Our life advancing to its close,
 While scarce its earliest dawn it knows :
 Swift through an empty shade we run,
 And vanity and man are one.
- 3 O, how thy chastisements impair
 The human form, however fair !
 How frail the strongest frame we see,
 If thou its mortal doom decree !
- 4 As when the fretting moths consume
 The labour of the curious loom,
 The texture fails, the dyes decay,
 And all its lustre fades away.
- 5 God of my fathers ! here, as they,
 I walk the pilgrim of a day ;
 A transient guest, thy works admire,
 And instant to my home retire.
- 6 O spare me, Lord, awhile, O spare,
 And nature's failing strength repair !
 Ere, life's short circuit wandered o'er,
 I perish, and am seen no more.

D E A T H .

542. L. M. KEBLE.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."

- 1 'T is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.
- 2 Sun of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

543. L. M. WATTS.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Ps. 90.

- 1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

- 2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.
- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man!
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

544. L. M. BROWNE.

"The sting of death is sin."

- 1 I CANNOT shun the stroke of death—
Lord! help me to surmount the fear;
That, when I must resign my breath,
Serene my summons I may hear.
- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart—
In me let every sin be slain;
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart,
From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 May I, my God, with holy zeal,
Closely the ends of life pursue,
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honour thee in all I do!

- 4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie,
Where, in thy light, I light shall see;
The soul may freely dare to die,
That longs to be possessed of thee.
- 5 Say thou art mine, and chase the gloom
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death;
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,
And, as a victor, yield my breath.

545. C. M. WATTS.

"We brought nothing into this world, and we can carry nothing out."

- 1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours, borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and—blessed be his name!—
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

546, 547. THE DOOM OF DEATH.

546. L. M. 6 l. HAWKESWORTH.

Death and Eternity.

- 1 YET a few years, or days perhaps,
Or moments pass in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more ;
No more the sun these eyes shall view ;
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's perplexing dream be o'er.
- 2 But then, this spark that warms, that guides,
That lives, that thinks—what fate besides ?
Can this be dust ?—a kneaded clod !
This yield to death ! the soul, the mind,
That measures heaven, and mounts the wind,
That knows at once itself and God !
- 3 Great Cause of all, above, below,—
Who knows thee, must forever know
Thou art immortal and divine !
Thine image, on my soul imprest,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine !

547. L. M. S. WESLEY.

"As the flower of the field, so he flourisheth."

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And, gay, their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows :
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 But, worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains ;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

548. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

- 1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade !
How swift they pass away !
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.
- 2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own ;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.
- 3 But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store ;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore,

- 4 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

549. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD, ALT.

"Let me die the death of the righteous."

- 1 How blessed the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm, which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's radiant wing ;
Where is, oh grave ! thy victory now ?
And where, insidious death ! thy sting ?
- 5 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, Farewell !
- 6 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blessed the righteous when he dies !"

550. 10s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Death of a young Minister.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power ;
A Christian cannot die before his time ;
The Lord's appointment, is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labour cease ;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done ;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.
- 3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay,
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave :—no, take thy seat above ;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect
love,
And open vision for the written word.

551. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

On the death of an aged Minister.

- 1 "SERVANT of God ! well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
'The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell—but felt no fear.

- 2 At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare!"
 He woke,—and caught his Saviour's eye;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
 His spirit, with a bound,
 Burst its encumbering clay;
 His tent, at sun-rise, on the ground,
 A darken'd ruin lay.
- 3 The pains of death are past,
 Labour and sorrow cease,
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ! well done!
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

552. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Meditation on Death.

- 1 BEHOLD the path which mortals tread,
 Down to the regions of the dead!
 Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
 Nor can we measure back our day.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
 Know, O my soul! this doom my own;
 Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
 The same my way, my home the same.
- 3 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
 And lose in this each mortal care;
 With steady feet that path be trod,
 Which, through the grave, conducts to God.

- 4 Father ! to thee my all I trust ;
And if thou call me down to dust,
I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,
And die in peace at thy command.

553. C. M. HEBER.

Solemn Admonitions.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And death descend in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread ;
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

- 7 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The boundless fields of light on high
Remind thee of thy heaven.

554. C. P. M. WEST BOSTON COLL.

The Death of a Christian.

- 1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who lived averse from sin !
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The Christian's joys begin.
- 2 See smiling patience soothe his brow !
See bending angels downward bow,
To cheer his way on high !
While, eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God
Who taught him how to die.
- 3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes ;
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast ;
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And soothes his soul to rest.
- 4 O grant, my Father, and my Friend,
Such joys may gild my peaceful end ;
So calm my evening close !
While, loosed from every earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To thee from whom I rose.

555. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

On the Death of a Christian.

- 1 "SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"
- 2 "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome, from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!"
- 3 Ye that mourn a father's loss,
Ye that weep a friend no more!
Call to mind the Christian cross,
Which your Friend, your Saviour bore.
- 4 All along that vale of tears,
Which his peaceful footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the mourner walked with God:—
- 5 Till his Master from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the wanderer home.

556. C. M. PEABODY.

Autumn Evening, and the Christian's Death.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

- 2 The winds breathe low—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

557. L. M. J. Q. ADAMS.

The Death of Children.

- 1 SURE, to the mansions of the blest,
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
- 2 That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discoloured gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth.

- 3 But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death,
Which speeds an infant to the tomb :
- 4 No passion fierce, no low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame ;
Back to its God the living fire
Reverts, unclouded, as it came.
- 5 Then at the heavenly Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
Behold the infant seraph stand,
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

558. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our support in Death.

- 1 MY soul ! the awful hour will come,
Apace it hastens on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.
 - 2 Whence in that hour shall I derive
A cordial for my pain ;
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain ?
 - 3 Great King of nature and of grace !
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.
 - 4 All its desires to thee are known,
And every secret fear ;
The meaning of each broken groan
Is noticed by thine ear.
-

559, 560.

HOPE IN DEATH.

- 5 O fix me by that mighty power
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And sighs are changed to songs.

559. L. M. GASKELL.*Hope in Death.*

- 1 DARK, dark indeed the grave would be,
Had we no light, O God, from thee!
If all we saw were all we knew,
Or hope from reason only grew.
- 2 But fearless now we rest in faith,
A holy life makes happy death;
'Tis but a change ordained by thee,
To set the imprisoned spirit free.
- 3 Sad, sad indeed, 't would be to part
From those who long had shared our heart,
If thou hadst left us still to fear
Love's only heritage was here.
- 4 But calmly now we see them go
From out this world of pain and woe;
We follow to a home on high,
Where pure affections never die.

560. C. M. LOGAN.*The Peace of the Grave.*

- 1 How still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There, servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levelled by the hand of Death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

561. L. M. FERGUS.

At a Funeral.

- 1 FAREWELL! what power of words can tell
The sorrows of a last farewell,
When, standing by the mournful bier,
We mingle with our prayers a tear!
- 2 When memory tells of days gone by,
Of blighted hope and vanished joy:
Bright hopes that withered like a flower,
Cut down and faded in an hour.
- 3 Give forth thy chime, thou solemn bell,
Thou grave, unfold thy marble cell;
Oh earth! receive upon thy breast
The weary trav'ler to his rest.

- 4 Oh God, extend thy arms of love,
 A spirit seeketh thee above!
 Ye heav'nly palaces uncloset,
 Receive the weary to repose!
- 5 Redeemer! thou didst mourn the dead;
 Be with us in the time of need,
 And grant us all, from sin set free,
 At length to rest in heaven with thee!

562. **7s. M.** **ANONYMOUS.**

Dirge.

- 1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust!
 Let them mingle—for they must!
 Give to earth the earthly clod,
 For the spirit's fled to God.
- 2 Never more shall midnight's damp
 Darken round this mortal lamp;
 Never more shall noon-day's glance
 Search this mortal countenance.
- 3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed,
 Where the spoils of death are laid;
 Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
 Of man's melancholy tomb.
- 4 Look aloft! The spirit's risen—
 Death cannot the soul imprison:
 'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
 Glorious, though invisible.
- 5 Thither let us turn our view;
 Peace is there, and comfort too:
 There shall those we love be found,
 Tracing joy's eternal round.

563. 7s. M. POPE.*The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away !"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes !—it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

564. P. M. MILMAN.*At a Funeral.*

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

- 2 Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
 And the Holy Spirit fail :
 And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.
- 3 "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
 The solemn priest hath said ;
 So we lay the turf above thee now,
 And we seal thy narrow bed :
 But thy spirit, brother ! soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

565. L. M. WATTS.

Dirge.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 To seek a slumber in thy dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;
 Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word !
Restore thy trust ! the glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

566. 6 & 4s. M. MRS. HEMANS.

Funeral Prayer.

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine !
- 2 O Father ! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us, thou !
- 3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,—
Aid us, O God !
- 4 Trembling beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine !

567. L. M. MRS. HEMANS.*At a Grave.*

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair Spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

568. S. H. M. MONTGOMERY.*At a Grave.*

- 1 THIS place is holy ground;
World, with thy cares, away!
Silence and darkness reign around,
But, lo! the break of day:
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears?
- 2 Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers should swell our eyes;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs,
Till love relumed this altered mien,
And all the embodied soul were seen.
- 3 Bury the dead;—and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead;—in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross,
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image to the skies.

569. C. M. WATTS.

"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord."

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord!
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

570. L. M. NORTON.

"Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord."

- 1 O STAY thy tears! for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done;
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noon-day sun.
- 2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright!
- 3 O cheerless were our lengthened way!
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb!

- 4 Then stay thy tears; the blest above
 Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
 Sung a new song of joy and love;
 And why should anguish reign on earth?

571. S. M. WILSON.

"I heard a voice from heaven."

- 1 I HEARD a voice from heaven
 Say, "Blessed is the doom
 Of those whose trust is in the Lord,
 When sinking to the tomb!"
- 2 The Holy Spirit spake—
 And I the words repeat—
 "Blessed are they,"—for, after toil,
 To mortals rest is sweet.

572. 7s. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

"Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord."

- 1 HARK! a voice divides the sky!
 Happy are the faithful dead,
 In the Lord who sweetly die!
 They from all their toils are freed.
- 2 Ready for their glorious crown,—
 Sorrows past, and sins forgiven,—
 Here they lay their burthen down,
 Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Yes! the Christian's course is run;
 Ended is the glorious strife;
 Fought the fight, the work is done;
 Death is swallowed up in life.

- 4 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his heavy load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered in to God!
- 5 When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

573. C. M. BARBAULD.

Following the Dead in Hope.

- 1 Not for the pious dead we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.
- 2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.
- 3 And is the awful veil withdrawn,
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep impenetrable gloom,
The secrets of the skies?
- 4 O might some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe!
- 5 Thence may their pure devotion's flame
On us, on us, descend;
To us their strong aspiring hopes,
Their faith, their fervours lend.

574, 575. ASLEEP IN CHRIST.

- 6 Let these our shad'wy path illumine,
And teach the chastened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

574. L. M. MRS. MACKAY.

"Asleep in Christ."

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, or Lapland's snows,
Believers find the same repose.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

575. 8 & 4s. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Rest of the Grave.

- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

REST AND HOPE OF THE GRAVE.

- 2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.
- 3 Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy sin and kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.
- 4 Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.
- 5 A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,—
He wounds to heal.
- 6 Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.
-
- 7 There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,—
- 8 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!
- 9 The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!

THE FUTURE STATE.

576. 8 & 7s. M. SACRED HARP.

The Place of Rest.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'ers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven!
- 2 There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven!
- 3 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

577. L. M. WATTS.

The Patience of Hope.

- 1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
Whate'er my trials, I would see
Thy hand in all, and bow to thee.
- 2 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 4 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God !
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

578. C. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

The Promised Rest.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone ;
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin !
- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

579, 580. THE GLORY OF HEAVEN.

579. L. M. 6l. HEBER.

*"The things that are seen are temporal, the things that are
not seen are eternal."*

- 1 I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day !"
- 2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled,
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered !"
- 3 O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus thy meaner works are fair ;
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of sinful earth and mortal man ;
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee !

580. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Sacred Rest of Heaven.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN. **581, 582.**

- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what appalling horrors hang
Around the "second death!"
- 5 Lord, God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And utterly undone.

581. L. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

Eternal Mansions.

- 1 PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live,
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.
- 2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal home above:
And, O my God! may I be there!

582. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Preparation for Heaven.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

583, 584. THE HOPE OF HEAVEN.

- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

583. C. M. WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

584. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 There sickness never comes ;
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray ;
But glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 O, may this vision fire
Our souls with ardent love ;
And living faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

585. C. M. WATTS.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

586, 587. THE HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes:
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the prospect o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

586. P. M. LUTHER.

Luther's Judgment Hymn.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

587. C. M. WATTS.

The Heaven of Joy and Purity.

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
'None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

588. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Heavenly Mansions.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
And God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
With never fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honour ! large reward,
Conferr'd on man by love divine !
- 3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change nor shade :
Forever fair, forever bright.
- 4 No fancied joy beyond the sky,
No fair delusion is revealed ;
'T is God that speaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word must be fulfilled.

589, 590. THE CITY OF GOD.

- 5 On wings of faith and strong desire
O may our spirits daily rise;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies!

589. S. M. FERGUS.

The City of our God.

- 1 THE earth is not our home,
Our dwelling is on high;
In the bright city of our God,
Away, beyond the sky.
- 2 The Lamb of God is there,
Who was for sinners slain;
There we shall see him face to face:
There evermore remain.
- 3 There is the tree of life,
And there the fount of love!
Our spirits long, O Lord, to flee
To that bright world above.
- 4 There, every woe shall cease,
And every tear be dried;
There, hope be lost in certainty,
And every want supplied.

590. C. M. FERGUS.

The Things of Earth and of Heaven.

- 1 WHY should we seek to linger here,
When heaven is bright above?
No voice of woe, no sigh, no tear,
Is in that world of love.

- 2 Why should we love the things of time,
And dreams of wealth and pride,
While on the heavenly heights sublime,
All lasting joys abide?
- 3 'T is true, amid this world of gloom,
Some gleams of bliss are given—
Bright hopes of blessedness to come;
But these descend from heaven.
- 4 In heaven the pleasures that endure,
Flow from unfailing springs;
There all is beautiful and pure,
And riches have no wings.

591. C. M. J. NEWTON.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks!
We scarce can say, "He's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much, (and this is all,) we know,
They are supremely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

592. L. M. W. J. LORING.

“ Weep not for me ! ”

- 1 WHY weep for those, frail child of woe,
Who've fled and left thee mourning here ?
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
They glory in a brighter sphere.
- 2 Weep not for them ;—beside thee now
Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
And witness tears that idly flow
O'er those who bliss of angels share.
- 3 Or round their Father's throne, above,
With raptured voice his praise they sing ;
Or on his messages of love,
They journey with unwearied wing.
- 4 Space cannot check, thought cannot bound
The high-exulting souls, whom he,
Who formed these million worlds around,
Takes to his own eternity.
- 5 Weep, weep no more ; their voices raise
The song of triumph high to God ;
And wouldst thou join their song of praise,
Walk humbly in the path they trod.

593. C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

Reunion of Friends in Heaven.

- 1 If death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see :
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
For those that rest in thee.
- 2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain load :
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again,
Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore,
Which death hath snatched away ;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

594. P. M. MONTGOMERY.

Separation and Reunion of Friends.

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end !
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,—
 Beyond the reign of death,—
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath ;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are past away ;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

595. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Immortality of the Soul.

- 1 MY God! whose all-pervading eye
 Views earth beneath and heaven above,
 Witness if here or there thou seest
 An object worthy of my love.
- 2 Not the gay scenes, where mortal men
 Pursue their bliss, and find their woe,
 Detain my heart, which upward springs,
 The nobler joys of heaven to know.
- 3 Not all the fairest sons of light
 That lead the armies round thy throne,
 Can bound its flight—it presseth on,
 And seeks its rest in God alone.

- 4 This feeble flesh shall faint and die,
 This heart renew its pulse no more;
 E'en now, it views the moment nigh,
 When life's last movements all are o'er.
- 5 But come, thou vanquished king of dread,
 With thy own hand thy power destroy;
 'T is thine to bear my soul to God,
 My portion, and eternal joy.

596. **C. M.** SIR J. E. SMITH.

The Soul Immortal.

- 1 ADORE, my soul, that awful name
 To which the angels bow;
 By which the worlds from nothing came,
 The heaven of heavens, and thou.
- 2 The God who sits enthroned above,
 Thy breath of life has given;
 His voice, in thunder and in love,
 Calls thee from earth to heaven.
- 3 This speck of earth is not thy home,
 Nor mortal joys thine end:
 Beyond the starry-spangled dome
 Thy boundless views extend.
- 4 Why fondly pluck the withering flowers
 That only deck thy tomb,
 While amaranthine wreaths and bowers
 For thee immortal bloom?
- 5 Resign thy joys and hopes to God;
 Cast flesh and sin away;
 Pursue the path thy Saviour trod,
 And rise to endless day.

597. C. M. BUTCHER.

The Last Day. Rev. 10.

- 1 "STAND still, refulgent orb of day!"
The Jewish victor cries:
So shall at last an angel say,
And tear it from the skies.
- 2 A flame intenser than the sun
Shall melt his golden urn;
Time's empty glass no more shall run,
Nor human years return.
- 3 Then, with immortal splendour bright,
That glorious orb shall rise,
Which through eternity shall light
The new-created skies.
- 4 On the bright ranks of happy souls
Those blissful beams shall shine;
While the loud song of triumph rolls,
In harmony divine.
- 5 O, let not sordid, base desire,
The soul's dark, rayless night,
Unfit us for heaven's sacred choir,
Or God's eternal light!

598. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"God shall be your everlasting light!"

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day !
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode ;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

599. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Song of the Lamb.

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day, the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

- 3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!
Cry the redeemed above;
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb! on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?
- 6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the song in heaven.

600. C. M. WATTS.

Christ, the Resurrection.

- 1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord!
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though the frame of man require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet, as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
So all his followers must.

- 4 There 's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day,
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

601. L. M. PEABODY.

Heaven.

- 1 WHEN all the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shadow falls at last,
It is not sleep—It is not rest—
'T is glory opening to the blest.
- 2 Their mighty Master bids them rise
To radiant mansions in the skies,
Where each shall wear a robe of light,
Like his, divinely fair and bright.
- 3 Angels shall now unite their prayers
With those of spirits blest as theirs;
And light shall gild their heavenly crown,
From suns that never more go down.
- 4 No storms shall ride the heavenly air,
No sounds of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales that breathe and die.
- 5 There, parted friends again shall meet,
In union holy, calm and sweet;
And earthly sorrow, fear, and pain,
Shall never reach their hearts again.

602, 603. THE GLORY OF THE REDEEMED.

602. C. M. NEEDHAM.

The Dead speaking to the Living.

- 1 RISE, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 Confiding in his heavenly strength,
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given;
And never wander from the road
That led them safe to heaven.

603. 8 & 7s. M. COWPER.

The Glory of the Redeemed.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
Ye shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

- 2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow ;
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign :
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me ;
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light."

604. 7s. M. BP. HEBER.

The Judgment of the Last Day.

- 1 In the sun, and moon, and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be ;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise ;
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear ;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

605, 606. THE REDEEMED IN HEAVEN.

- 4 But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh !

605. L. M. BUTCHER.

"The redeemed out of every kindred and tongue."

- 1 FROM north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest ;
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew ;
But, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.
- 3 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit now they know ;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits their humble claim.
- 4 On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practise what was right ;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

606. C. M. WATTS.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above—how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
Their eyes were dim with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we would now,
With sins, and doubts and fears.

- 3 I asked them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribed their triumph to the Lamb,
Who burst the bands of death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps which he trod ;
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their ascended Lord,
They reached the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his example given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

607. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The High-way to Zion.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing ;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,
How holy, and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest trav'lers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 4 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

- 5 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While labouring up the hill.

608. 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

The Saints in Glory.

- 1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day—
Tuning their triumphant song?—
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conqu'rors now they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, from near the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispel their fears;
And, forever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

609. C. M. WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year.

- 1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

610, 611. THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

610. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

- 1 GREAT GOD! at whose all-powerful call,
At first arose this beauteous frame;
Thou bidst the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.
- 3 The new delight, how great, to see
The earth in vernal beauty dressed;
While in each herb, and flower, and tree
Thy opening bounty shines confessed!
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light, and genial heat conveys;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.
- 5 Indulgent God! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see; we taste; let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

611. H. M. FREEMAN.

God in the Seasons of the Year.

- 1 LORD of the worlds below!
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine:
In all we see The rolling years
A God appears; Are full of thee.

2 Forth in the flowery spring,
 We see thy beauty move;
 The birds on branches sing
 Thy tenderness and love;
 Wide flush the hills; Devotion's calm
 The air is balm: Our bosom fills.

3 Then come, in robes of light,
 The summer's flaming days;
 The sun, thine image bright,
 Thy majesty displays;
 And oft thy voice But still our souls
 In thunder rolls; In thee rejoice.

4 In autumn, a rich feast
 Thy common bounty gives
 To man, and bird, and beast,
 And everything that lives.
 Thy liberal care, And harvest moon,
 At morn and noon, Our lips declare.

5 In winter, awful thou!
 With storms around thee cast:
 The leafless forests bow
 Beneath thy northern blast:
 While tempests lower, We homage bring,
 To thee, dread King, And own thy power.

612. C. M. FERGUS.

The Promises of the Year.

1 THE year begins with promises
 Of joyful days to come,
 Of Sabbath bells, of times of prayer,
 Of thoughts on heaven, our home:

- 2 Of seed-time, with its gentle winds,
Soft dews and healthful showers,
And streamlets gushing from the hills,
And birds and opening flowers :
- 3 Of summer, with its warbling choir
Amid the balmy leaves ;
Of autumn, with its fragrant herbs
And fruits and bending sheaves :
- 4 Of countless mercies from our God,
Who rules the changeful years,
Both here and in the world of love,
Beyond the heavenly spheres.

613. L. M. FERGUS.

Spring-Time.

- 1 THE spring, the joyous spring is come,
With lovely flowers of early bloom,
The warbling birds, on every tree,
Fill all the air with melody.
- 2 Once more, unsealed, the fountains run,
Sparkling, beneath a brighter sun ;
Green leaves and tender herbs arise,
Cheered by the glow of warmer skies.
- 3 Oh Lord, the changes of the year,
At thy almighty word appear ;
And all the seasons, as they roll,
Declare thy name from pole to pole.
- 4 Spring showers, descending from above,
Bear down glad tidings of thy love,
And every blossom on the tree
Bespeaks our gratitude to thee.

614. 10s. M. E. TAYLOR.*The Changing Year.*

- 1 God of the changing year! whose arm of
power
In safety leads through danger's darkest
hour,—
Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.
- 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our
way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that
shine
To cheer its hours of darkness—all are thine.
- 3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert
true;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.
- 4 Yet when our hearts review departed days,
How vast thy mercies! how remiss our praise!
Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,
Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet.
- 5 O lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly
thine.

615. C. M. ANONYMOUS.*The God of the Seasons.*

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy ! God of Love !
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails :
Seedtime nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

616. 8 & 7s. M. BP. HORNE.*Autumn Warnings.*

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :

- 2 "Sons of Adam (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell.
- 3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread;
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 4 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid;
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

617. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

- 3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light, and evening shade.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

618. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

The God of the Seasons.

- 1 GREAT God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand from which our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honours raise.
- 3 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

- 4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

619. 7s. M. J. NEWTON.

The Fleeting Years of Life.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here!
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait ;
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,—
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

620. L. M. DODDRIDGE.*The Closing or Opening Year.*

- 1 GREAT God ! we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported, still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guided by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 Though death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

621. L. M. DODDRIDGE.*For the Closing or Opening Year.*

- 1 My Helper, God ! I bless his name ;
The same his power, his grace the same :
The tokens of his friendly care,
Open, and crown, and close the year.

- 2 I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
To bear, in thy bright courts above,
The mem'ry of immortal love.

622. C. M. BROWNE.

The Closing Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year,
Of my short life is past :
I cannot long continue here ;
And this may be my last.
- 2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my fleeting moments run—
The few which yet remain !
- 3 Awake, my soul ! with all thy care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes—how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new space of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ, so freely given.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

623. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Closing Year.

- 1 God of our life! thy constant care
 With blessings crowns each opening year:
 These lives so frail thy love prolongs;
 Be this the burden of our songs.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
 To the vast regions of the dead,
 Since, from this day, the changing sun
 Through his last yearly course has run!
- 3 We yet survive, but who can say,
 Or through the year, or month, or day,
 He shall retain his vital breath,
 Secure from all the shafts of death.
- 4 We hold our lives from thee alone,
 On earth, or in the worlds unknown;
 To thee our spirits we resign,
 Make them and own them all as thine.

624. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections for a New Year.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year;
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
 How short the months appear!

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concerns to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

625. C. P. M. GREEN.

Eve of a New Year.

- 1 My days, and weeks, and months, and years
Fly, rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I shall launch those boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 Before thy throne, Great God, I bow,
And humbly beg assistance now,
To know my real state:
While life, and health, and time endure,
Fain would I make my heaven secure,
Before it be too late.

- 3 If in destruction's road I stray,
 Help me to choose that better way,
 Which leads to joys on high;
 My soul renew, my sins forgive;
 Nor let me ever dare to live
 Such as I dare not die!
- 4 With thee let every day be past;
 And when that comes, which proves my last,
 May glory dawn within!
 Relieve me then from every doubt;
 And, ere life's glimmering lamp goes out,
 Let endless joys begin.

626. C. M. **BP. MIDDLETON.**

Self-Examination. New Year.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
 Why heaves the secret sigh?
 'Tis that I mourn departed days,
 Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
 My anxious thoughts employed;
 And time unhallowed, unimproved,
 Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, Holy Father! wild despair
 Chase from my labouring breast;
 Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer:
 That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
 And when thy sure decree
 Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
 O speed my soul to thee!

627. L. M. 6 l. MONTGOMERY.

The Journey of Life. New Year.

- 1 Thus far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far the Lord our steps hath led;
Safe from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head:
Here then we pause, look back, adore,
Like ransom'd Israel from the shore.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
As all our fathers in their day,
We to a land of promise go,
Lord! by thine own appointed way;
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.
- 3 When we have numbered all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with human fears,
Oh! let not then the spirit shrink;
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream,—to rise above.

OCASIONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

628. L. M. 61. J. TAYLOR.

Charity to the Suffering.

- 1 O YE, who seek Jehovah's face,
Bow at his throne and feel his grace—
Who ask in prayer and own in praise
The bounteous love which gilds your days,
Catch from above the hallowed flame;
Be worthy of the Christian name.
- 2 Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there;
With cheering wine and fragrant oil
Bid languor glow, and anguish smile;
Though want her lowliest form may wear,
The image of your God is there.
- 3 When He, the sovereign Judge, draws nigh,
And holds the unerring beam on high,
Then shall sweet Charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale;
Jesus shall call his followers home;
"Ye blessed of my Father, come!"

629. C. M. BROWNE.

For a Charitable Occasion.

- 1 O how can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothe the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear!

- 2 The dread Omnipotence of heaven
We every hour provoke ;
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds the avenging stroke.
- 3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain ;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.
- 4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above ;
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.
- 5 But chiefly be the labour ours
To shade the early plant ;
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want :
- 6 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
The canker-worm has gnawed,
And teach the rescued child to lisp
Its gratitude to God.

630. C. M. PEABODY.

For a Charitable Occasion.

- 1 Who is thy neighbour ? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbour ? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim ;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

- 3 Thy neighbour? he who drinks the cup
 When sorrow drowns the brim;
 With words of high sustaining hope,
 Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbour? 't is the weary slave,
 Fettered in mind and limb;
 He hath no hope this side the grave;
 Go thou, and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbour? pass no mourner by;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 A breaking heart from misery;
 Go, share thy lot with him.

631. S. M. DRUMMOND.

"Is it such a fast that I have chosen?"

- 1 "Is this a fast for me?"
 Thus saith the Lord our God,—
 "A day for man to vex his soul,
 And feel affliction's rod?"
- 2 "Like bulrush low to bow
 His sorrow-stricken head;
 With sackcloth for his inner vest,
 And ashes round him spread?"
- 3 "Shall day like this have power
 To stay th' avenging hand,
 Efface transgression, or avert
 My judgments from the land?"
- 4 "No; is not this alone
 The sacred fast I choose;—
 Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
 The bands of guilt unloose?"

- 5 "To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal;
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?
- 6 "Then, like a morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light;
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright?"

632. L. M. DYER.

For a day of Humiliation.

- 1 GREAT Framers of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore!
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power:
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her friend,
And find in thee a guardian God!

633, 634. FOR A DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

633. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Thanksgiving Hymn at Harvest.

- 1 GREAT GOD! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.
- 2 The harvest song we would repeat :
"Thou givest us the finest wheat ;"
"The joy of harvest" we have known ;
The praise, O Lord ! is all thine own.
- 3 Our tables spread, our garner stored,
O give us hearts to bless thee, Lord !
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 4 Another harvest comes apace ;
Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.
- 5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

634. C. M. WATTS.

"Thou shalt teach them to thy children."

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old :
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

- 2 He bids us make his glories known—
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
To every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

635. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

“Thy right hand hath gotten the victory.”

- 1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs.
- 2 'T was not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave ;
Nor strength, that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save :
- 3 But thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succour they implored ;
Thy presence with the favoured race,
Who thy great name adored.
- 4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King ;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

636, 637. REMEMBRANCE OF THE FATHERS.

636. L. M. FLINT.

Remembrance of our Fathers.

- 1 IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage;
And safe beneath our sheltering vines,
Our youth is blessed, and soothed our age.
- 2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard to the Planter dear!
- 3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears,—in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought,
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.
- 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe, through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

637. L. M. ROSCOE.

Remembrance of our Fathers.

- 1 GREAT GOD! beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favouring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;
- 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see, thy goodness own;
But, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee with grateful hearts shall raise
Their tribute of exulting praise.
- 4 Our God, our Guardian, and our Friend!
Oh still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages may thy kindness last.

638. C. M. WREFORD.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.
- 2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 4 Here may religion shed her light
On days of rest and toil,
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native soil.
- 5 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

639, 640. PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

639. 8 & 6s. M.

HEBER.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 FROM foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery;
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisoned error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free.
- 2 Defend, O God, with guardian hand,
The laws and rulers of our land,
And grant thy churches grace to stand
In faith and unity!
Thy Spirit's help of thee we crave,
That thy Messiah, sent to save,
Returning to the world might have
A people serving thee!

640. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

On laying the Corner Stone of a Church.

- 1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when thou hearest, O, forgive!

- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna ! to their Heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

641. L. M. WILLIS.

For a Dedication.

- 1 THE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple—built by God ;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky ;
He spread its pavement green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood—
The sea, the sky—and “all was good ;”
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The “morning stars together sang.”

642, 643.

DEDICATION HYMN.

- 4 Lord ! 't is not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee ;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

642. C. M. BRYANT.*Dedication Hymn.*

- 1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Securely by thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

643. L. M. PIERPONT.*Dedication of a House of Worship.*

- 1 O, bow thine ear, Eternal One !
On thee our heart adoring calls ;
To thee, the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honour dwell ; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

644. L. M. PIERPONT.

For an Ordination.

- 1 O THOU, who art above all height !
Our God, our Father, and our Friend !
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
Let thy adoring children bend.
- 2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew ;
We kneel in prayer, that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.
- 3 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his guide, O God of truth !

- 4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 5 And when he sinks in death—by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed—
O God! remember thou our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

645. C. M. FROTHINGHAM.

Ordination Hymn.

- 1 O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun,
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.
- 2 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff;
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the Light thereof."
- 3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars. *
- 4 O, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love,—
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above.
- 5 Teach thou thy youthful servant, Lord,
The mysteries he reveals,
That reverence may receive the word,
And meekness loose the seals.

* Rev. ii. 1.

646. L. M. FROTHINGHAM.

For an Ordination.

- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed,
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received—
Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.
- 4 Direct and guard the youthful strength
Devoted to thy Son this day;
And give thy word full course at length
O'er man's defects, and time's decay.
- 5 Send down its angel to our side—
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

647. C. M. H. WARE.

On opening an Organ.

- 1 ALL nature's works his praise declare
To whom they all belong;
There is a voice in every star,
In every breeze a song.

- 2 Sweet music fills the world abroad
With strains of love and power;
The stormy sea sings praise to God—
The thunder and the shower.
- 3 To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing;
To God, the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.
- 4 Like them let man the throne surround,
With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftiest sound
Assist his feeble praise.
- 5 Great God ! to thee we consecrate
Our voices and our skill;
We bid the pealing organ wait
To speak alone thy will.
- 6 Oh, teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high;
And while the music round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

648. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

For a Meeting of Ministers

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

- 3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there ;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord ! how should we appear ?
- 4 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

649. L. M. MASON.

God Reflected in Christ.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays,
When shining with reflected light,
- 3 So in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 O thou, at whose almighty word,
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.
- 5 While we thine image, there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head ;
That we may bear thine image too.

650. **H. M.** PRATT'S COLL.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 RISE, Sun of glory ! rise,
And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide the sacred light;
O chase those dreary shades away,
And bring the dawning of the day !
- 2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord !
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word ;
That heathen lands may own thy sway
And cast their idol gods away.
- 3 Then shall thy kingdom come
To all our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace ;
Where pure devotion shall ascend,
In songs of praise, till time shall end.

651. **7 & 6s. M.** BR. HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

652. C. P. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

On Western Missions.

- 1 WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.
- 2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples here arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

- 3 And, O, may we repay this debt,
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers roam,
Still guided by thy hand.
- 4 Father, we own this debt of love;
O shed thy Spirit from above;
To move each Christian breast,
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise, to fix thy name
Through all our desert west.

653. 8, 7, & 4s. M. COTTERILL.

"A light to lighten the Gentiles."

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindred of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine; thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word;—at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land;
 Lord, be with them
 Alway to the end of time.

654. **L. M.** 6 l. ANONYMOUS.

The Mariner's Hymn.

- 1 LORD of the sea ! thy potent sway
Old ocean's wildest waves obey ;
The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
The storm that drives the frightened clouds—
If but thy whisper order peace,
How soon their rude commotions cease !
- 2 Lord of the sea !—the silent hour,
And deep, dull calm, confess thy power ;
The sun, that pours his welcome light,
The moon, that makes the dark scene bright,
The guiding star, the fav'ring wind,
Display a good and sovereign mind.
- 3 Lord of the sea !—the seaman keep
From all the dangers of the deep !
When high the white-capped billows rise,
When tempests war along the skies,
When foes or shoals awaken fear—
O, in thy mercy, be thou near !
- 4 Lord of the sea !—when safe from harm,
The sailor rests in slumbers calm,
May dreams of home his spirit cheer,—
Dreams that shall never false appear ;
May thoughts of friends, and peace, and thee,
His solid consolations be !

- 5 Lord of the sea!—a sea is life
 Of care and sorrow, woe and strife;
 With watchful pains we steer along,
 To keep the right path, shun the wrong:
 God grant, that after every roam,
 We gain an everlasting home!

655. L. M. C. WESLEY.

“They that go down to the sea in ships.”

- 1 LORD of the wide extended main!
 Whose power the winds and seas controls,
 Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
 Whose spirit leads believing souls;
- 2 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine:
 We own thy way is in the sea,
 O’erawed by majesty divine,
 And lost in thine immensity!
- 3 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
 Thine everlasting truth we prove,
 Amazing heights of boundless power;
 Unfathomable depths of love.
- 4 Infinite God! thy greatness spanned
 These heavens, and meted out the skies;
 Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
 The measured waters sink and rise.
- 5 Thee to perfection who can tell?
 Earth and her sons beneath thee lie,
 Lighter than dust within thy scale,
 And less than nothing in thine eye.

656. L. M. MME. GUION.

The Wanderer's Hymn.

- 1 OH Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

657. C. M. ADDISON.

The Traveller's Hymn.

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

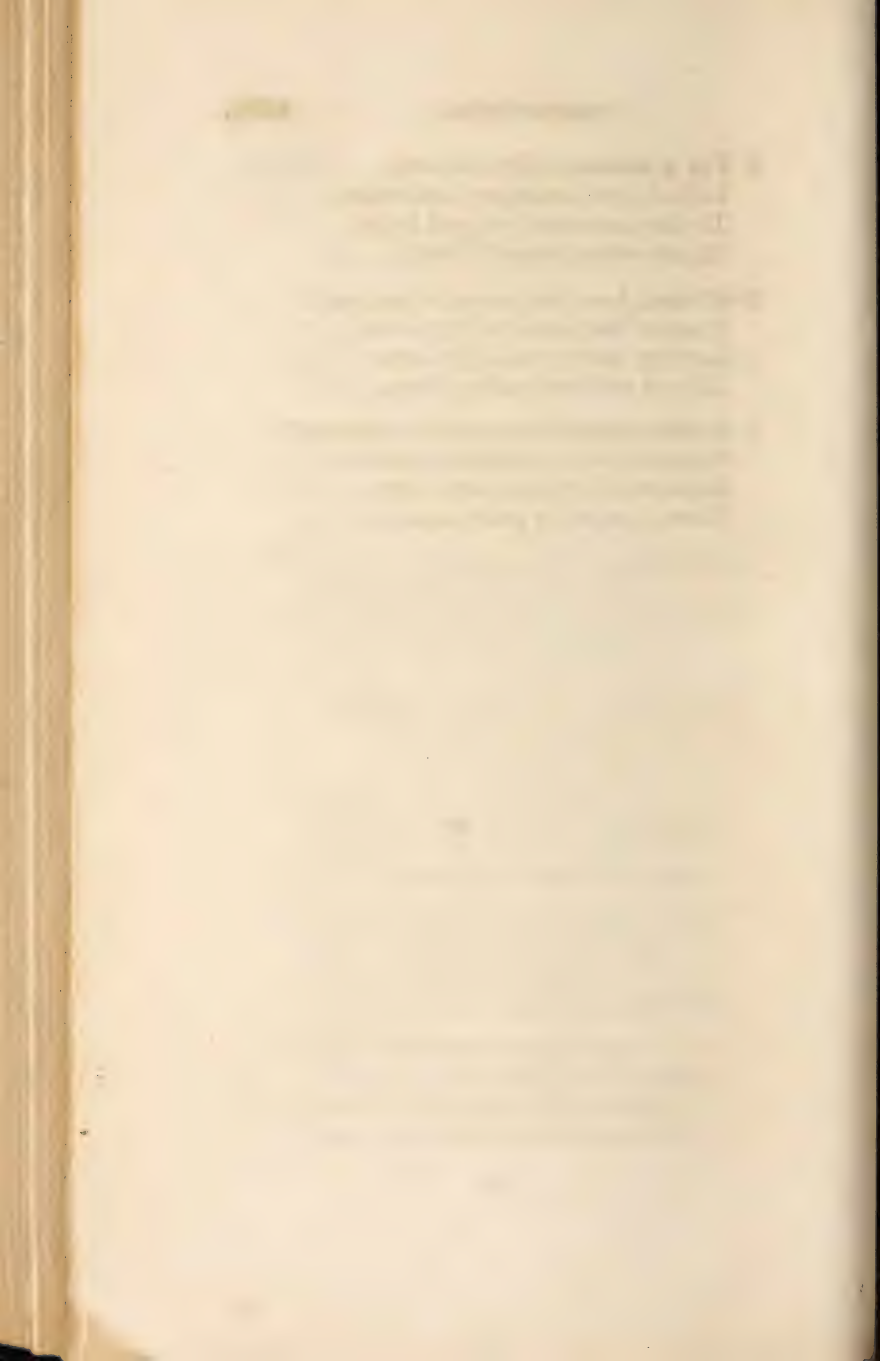
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.
- 4 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

658. 7s. M. J. NEWTON.

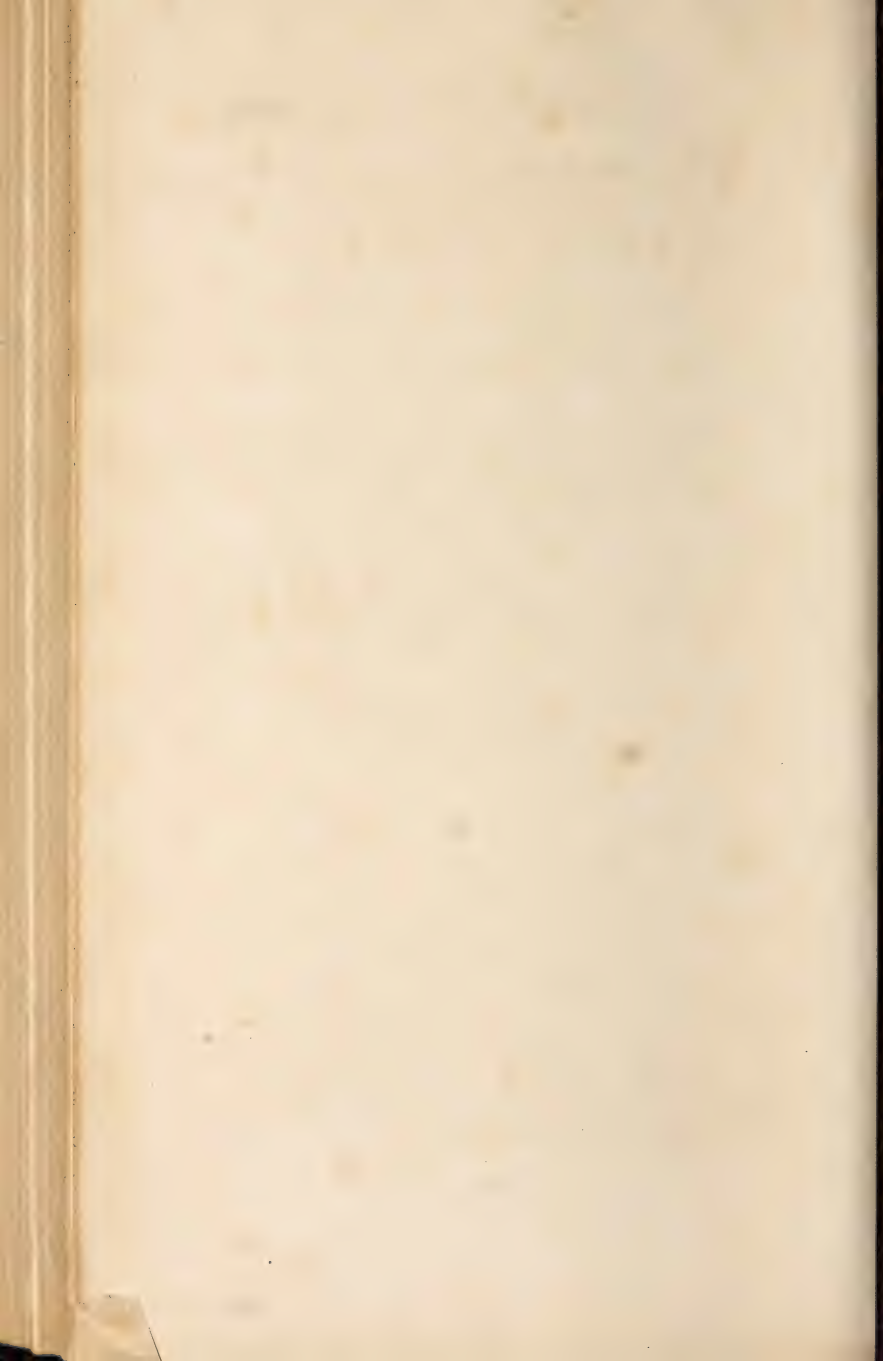
Hymn at Parting.

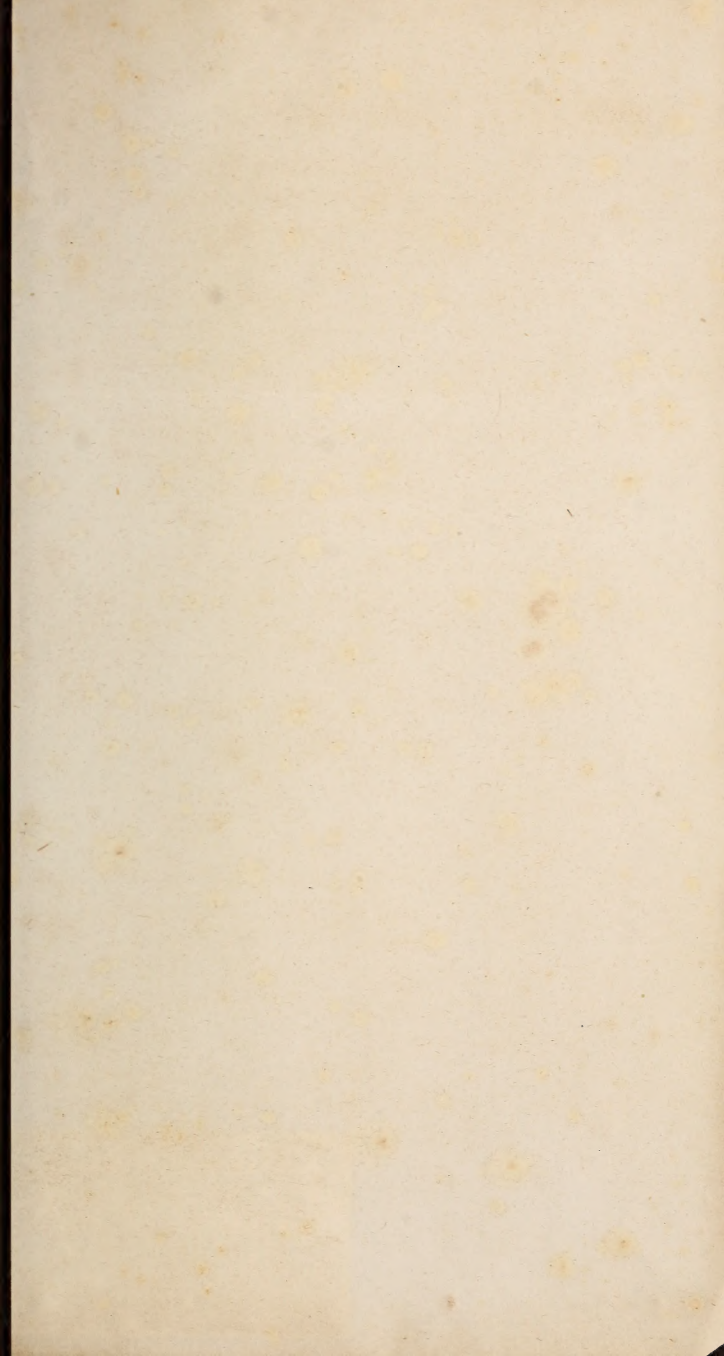
- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call
He is with them by the way;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit may they meet,
And in sweet communion join.

- 4 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 6 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.









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